

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—OBSERVANCE OF THE SCOTT CENTENARY, AUGUST 15TH—THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO CENTRAL PARK—SCENE ON FIFTH AVENUE, DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.—SEE PAGE 423.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

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REVOLUTIONS IN WARFARE BY
SEA AND LAND.

FRUITFUL as the period has been in great events, the history of the last twenty years shows nothing more remarkable in any branch of "modern improvements" than in the altered means of assault and defense by land and sea. The Crimean War and our great Rebellion will always be particularly memorable in their respective contributions to this change.

When the necessity arose for increased defenses against the combined French and British movement at Sebastopol—when antiquated engineers told the shortest period in which additional fortifications could be constructed under the stereotyped formulas of "old masters" in the art of war—the length of time required rendered their plans practically useless for the purpose. But emergencies generally develop some man or men fitted to grapple with extraordinary difficulties; and in that pressing crisis, when every day was pregnant with events, a young and humble officer suggested a new mode of meeting the requirements. Todleben, whose name may hereafter rank with Vauban and other distinguished military engineers, found favor for his views, and he was commissioned to execute that mode of defense which quickly placed Sebastopol in condition to repel assaults—which gave it immense strength—and which would, probably, have been ultimately successful against any powers less formidable than those arrayed before it.

The long and strong resistance which the Todleben System enabled Russia to present against the Allies, though finally overcome by frequent tremendous attacks, produced immediate effect in military engineering. Stone walls, however massive, were promptly admitted to be unfitted for modern defenses, except in special cases. The most useful fortifications, it is seen, are far more readily and cheaply constructible. Earthworks, which could be promptly thrown up by the soldiers as at Sebastopol, are now the prevalent style of fortification. They suffer little from adverse fire—massive projectiles burying themselves in the soil, with comparatively slight disturbance—the damage experienced through a day of battle being mostly or wholly reparable by the troops during the night.

Some stone fortifications, long ago com-

menced in this country, like Fort Richmond and Fort Wadsworth, in the Narrows of New York Harbor, are being completed, to be sure; but these and all our old fortifications, wherever practicable, are being surrounded or protected by earthworks, as at Fort Hamilton, on the opposite side of the Narrows, and at other fortifications in the harbor. Such stone forts as Castle Clinton and Fort Lafayette would prove frail defenses against the tremendous artillery of recent days. The condition of things in the harbor of New York may be taken as an index of the change our defenses are undergoing at other places through the Union. Experience during the Rebellion proved conclusively how quickly earthworks of strong character can be extemporized wherever necessity requires.

The system of earth fortifications, and the vastly increased weight of metal which can be thrown with precision by the present modes of gunnery, are only portions of the many late "improvements" in one branch, but they alone are enough to make deep marks on the art and practice of war.

The late and great revolution in maritime warfare is, in its origin and progress, quite as remarkable as that observable in the land service.

In the early days of our late "unpleasantness," vague rumors of some strange device, by which the rebels expected to achieve miracles in naval warfare as well as against loyal forts and cities, were treated with the incredulity attaching to most of the belligerent gossip with which that time was prolific. But the doings of the ironclad *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads—sinking some of the Union frigates almost under the guns of Fortress Monroe, at the ocean outlet of Washington and Baltimore—soon gave serious countenance to the prevalent rumors.

Fortunately, one clear-minded, energetic man discerned the nature of the case before the catastrophe occurred, and three months before the *Merrimac* appeared in its panoply of railroad iron, Captain Ericsson agreed with the Government that he would construct a new class of vessels capable of meeting the impending danger. The promptness with which Captain Ericsson realized the promise is almost as remarkable as the grandeur of the design. The first vessel of this class was actually completed within three months of the date of the contract with the Government—precision unparalleled in any newly-designed governmental improvement—the whole resources of the Griswold Iron Works, at Troy, having been used in accomplishing the work—an enterprise which, at the time of its inception, was esteemed rather visionary even by many who were "in the secret," on account of the briefness of the time allowed for building this first regular armored vessel, as well as on account of the plan.

But in both respects the results—happily for the Union!—realized all that was promised by the inventor and his associates. The thrilling story of THE MONITOR, the first-born of its kind, will at once flash fully on all minds familiar with the events of those dark days in our national history.

After the *Merrimac* had run its destructive course for a day in Hampton Roads—the story of its terrible energy having startled the American People wherever the telegraph extended—its commander, on coming out of Norfolk Harbor for another day's "sport"—a one-sided game apparently, as he could almost instantly destroy any of our strongest wooden frigates—discovered an odd-looking craft, which had arrived at Fortress Monroe during the previous night, partly in tow of a steamer, from New York. In comparison with the *Merrimac*, it seemed small indeed, and as an opponent, supremely contemptible, in rebel eyes. Its odd shape was not inaptly characterized as "a cheese-box on a raft"—the real dimensions hidden by its hull being submerged, so as to give little chance for an enemy's shot—the great gun being placed in the circular iron-work (derisively called the cheese-box) on deck.

But the contest between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* quickly presented a modern illustration of the old story of David and Goliath. The little, black-looking combatant, coming suddenly into the naval arena, and turning the fortune of the day against apparently overwhelming odds, reminded novel-readers of the contest between Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert in the tournament of Ashby. Lieutenant Worden, who had the honor of commanding the mysterious craft, quickly compelled his adversary to abandon the contest in a disabled condition—the *Merrimac*, in a few days thereafter, was blown up by its rebel crew—and the nation again breathed freely after the shock which had saddened all loyal American hearts.

The matters connected with the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* may well rank among the most important in the history of the war—particularly important from the date of their occurrence. Nothing in romance can exceed the thrilling nature of the story, as it may be truthfully told by any writer capable of appreciating the *National* consequences involved.

Never was rescue from impending danger more timely than that furnished by the success of Captain Ericsson in thus having his novel-armed vessel ready for battle in the day and the hour when that relief was most needed.

The *Merrimac*, if left unchecked, would have instantly cut off supplies for McClellan's army, and probably insured its capture during the delay at Yorktown.

The lesson thus taught in naval warfare found quick appreciation in all the great maritime nations. The importance of the revolution on this subject was self-evident. The history of this great change must always refer, as a starting-point, to the first naval conflict between the Unionists and Confederates in our Civil War—which thus becomes one of the most memorable scenes in the history of the world.

A NEW WANT—AN ASSISTANCE
TO IMMORTALITY.

THE universal desire of all civilized mankind to be remembered when absent—when dead and departed for ever—is perhaps one of their strongest characteristics in distinction from the savage. The latter, so far as we know, evinces no such feeling. He departs, and no representative of his lineaments remains to recall him to the memory of wife or children. He dies, and his remains, more or less protected from the wild beasts, are deposited away from his home in rude and inaccessible places—perhaps lifted high above the earth on rude scaffoldings, or affixed to the summits of lofty trees. As he advances in civilization and refinement, huge mounds testify to the care of these savages for the dead and the slaughtered of his favorite steeds, and the deposition of implements of hunting or labor, and certain foods, show that there is a regard for his welfare in the future state; but we find no evidences—except in the tumuli themselves—that their memories were kept alive by any outward signs in their own homes.

But with increasing knowledge comes a growing desire for after-remembrances, and the Egyptians, Peruvians and other like semi-civilized races have made portraits of themselves, but apparently most commonly within the pyramid and other costly and immense tombs built for the receptacle of their remains, and serving more as monumental inscriptions than as family reminiscences.

The old Greeks and Romans, however, adorned their houses and their private and public apartments alike with the counterfeit presentments, in marble and on canvas, of their complete ancestry.

This honor was a costly procedure and not within the means of any except the rich and noble.

But the fashion survived. The idea of immortalization became generally adopted, and is now an almost universal belief of all mankind.

At what era the painting of miniatures of living persons, and their presentation to lovers, friends or family commenced, cannot perhaps be told. The idea existed in the old but expensive cameo brooches and rings. It increased with the introduction of miniatures on the smooth and porous structure of ivory, which allowed the tracing of the faintest lines of the features, indicating every expression, and the peculiar texture of which gave a naturalness to the skin unequaled by any other material.

But the great impulse was obtained by the discovery of photography, and its gradual advance from the mere fleeting original daguerreotype to the comparatively permanent photograph of the present day.

No one is now forgotten. The lover bears with him the smile of his intended; the parent, the features of his loved, perhaps lost; the friend, departed for travel in distant lands, leaves his exact representative likeness in the house of every friend; and those transferred to worlds beyond the grave can still be seen at any moment, and may hold long, if silent, communion with those temporarily delayed on earth, but who will yet overtake them in their prolonged journey to eternity.

But we are not yet satisfied. The possession of the speaking features, which yet do not speak, is but a partial benefit. We wish to hear from them their thoughts and ideas on life and death—things present and things to come.

Here, again, we are met by the printed page, which, however, like the old statues of the Augustine age, are within the control of only the rich. Then succeeds the fleeting, transitory photograph of the written letter, limited in number, and having the same facts stated more or less fully, as laboriously duplicated to numerous correspondents.

What is now needed is a cheaper method of printing or of photographing the letter, so that one writing, one composition, may serve for an entire family or circle of friends.

We have been led into this train of thought by reading the fourth of a series of letters from Europe by our townsman, W. B. Shattuck, who, finding it impossible while traveling to write to the half of his would-be corre-

spondents, has initiated the charming custom of writing one succinct, comprehensive, satisfactory letter of his whereabouts and doings, and then printing this in a neat and tasty manner, sending it to each and all of his friends. The idea is a delightful one, for the correspondence has all the minutiae of the most private letter, with none of the strain and fustian appertaining to a letter prepared for the press. It is not the address of the public man, nor the phrases written for buncombe. It is the simple, natural utterance of the individual—our brother, uncle, friend.

The only drawback to this is the cost, which is so serious an objection as to debar the majority of people from attempting it. What is needed is a rapid, little-expensive method for duplicating a letter forty, sixty, or a hundred-fold. By this plan we might write one letter a month, and distribute it around the world. Old friends would not be allowed to be forgotten, or permitted to grow out of remembrance.

Possibly, indeed, our earlier recognition of genius might thus have been attained—the first efforts of a mighty mind might thus be recognized and encouraged. Perhaps, indeed, the seeds of immortality might thus have been sown, which otherwise might have been—

—“Born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air!”

LOTTERIES IN DISGUISE.

In the good old times—and “all times, when old are good,” saith Byron—some of the preachers, even in Down-East Puritanical regions, did not consider it utterly unclerical to moisten their clay occasionally with some social toddy among their parishioners—and funds were not unfrequently raised for building churches and aiding other good objects through the agency of lotteries—as may be seen by reference to newspapers of a not very ancient date, and without diving very deeply into the unfathomable “archives” of the Historical Societies.

The Temperance movement, however, has sternly restricted some of the convivial customs formerly prevalent. But, while modern opinion has tabooed rum-punches, and while the prevalent sentiment, as well as the law in New York and some other States, strongly denounces lotteries, alluring “schemes” of gambling character—lotteries in disguise—are now often impudently paraded in public prints and places, in this city and elsewhere through the land, to tempt the credulous and fill the pockets of swindling speculators.

Leaving the Liquor question and Sumptuary laws generally to the vigilance of the temperance societies and other reformers, for the present at least—we now direct attention specially to the new-fangled lottery devices, commonly known as “gift enterprises.”

A million or half-million of dollars to be “given away,” or some such attractive caption, is followed by a glowing catalogue of “splendid prizes,” to which the purchasers of tickets for some seductive “gift concert” will be entitled—provided their “concert tickets” shall afterward be found to correspond with the “lucky numbers” when “the drawing” occurs. The prejudices of many persons against gambling in “lotteries” are thus sought to be overcome—and are too frequently overcome—much in the way that a certain class of people, prejudiced against “theatres,” are tempted to witness scenic representations (including even the “Black Crook”) by the innocent name of the “garden,” wherein the wonders of modern leg-drama are exhibited to wondering crowds.

The fact that a considerable prize, even as large as “a plantation,” or an “opera-house,” occasionally falls to some “lucky holder,” blinds the credulous adventurers to the still greater fact that tens or hundreds of thousands of persons are swindled out of their cash—without being improved in morals—the chance for a prize being about as probable as a stroke of lightning on a wintry day.

The success of so many humbugs of this kind—success in filling swindlers' pockets with the plunder of a gullible multitude—strikingly exemplifies the saying that there is no delusion too gross to find votaries and victims.

One of our objects in referring now to these “gift” concerns is to warn all religious and benevolent societies against permitting their names and influence to be used in connection with the swindling operations. We give this caution particularly, as a share of the plunder—for plunder it is—is advertised occasionally as being intended to benefit the hospitals or other benevolent enterprises of the Sisters of Charity or Mercy, and also for aiding asylums for the “orphans of volunteers who fell in the war.”

Such cloaks are seemingly too thin to conceal the real object of the rascals engineering these gambling concerns. And yet they serve to quiet the qualms of many who would otherwise shun the temptations—people who soothe their consciences by the thought that, even if they draw no prize, their money will help to benefit a benevolent institution.

It is nowise impertinent, in this connection, to inquire what share of the profits or spoils have been paid over to the benevolent institu-

tions whose names have been used as catch-words on the showbills and advertisements.

At any rate, no matter how much money may have been realized by any religious or benevolent society from such sources, no further countenance should be shown toward the swindlers who thus seek to use "the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in."

There is another phase of these "lotteries in disguise," to which we may shortly advert, as the season is near at hand when they are usually seen in full operation.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF NEW YORK.

PART X.

THE NEW YORK ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE care of destitute orphans was one of the first subjects which enlisted the attention of the benevolent men of New York. This Institution was organized as long ago as 1806; and from "small beginnings," and in spite of discouragements, it has grown to its present proportions.

The ground now occupied by the buildings of the Asylum is on the Bloomingdale Road, near West Seventy-third Street. The plot contains nine acres and a half, and was purchased at a cost of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. The corner-stone of the building was laid on the 6th of June, 1836, and it was finished in July, 1837, at a cost of forty-five thousand dollars. In 1855, an extension was found necessary, and two spacious wings were added to the main building, which cost forty thousand dollars. The site is five miles north of the City Hall, on high ground, on the bank of the North River.

The main building is one hundred and twenty feet by sixty, and three stories high above the basement. The wings are each seventy-two feet by thirty-six, and of the same height as the main building. The upper story of one of the wings is used as an infirmary, where, if an infectious disease should appear in the Asylum, the patients could be isolated from the other inmates. The accommodations of the Asylum are sufficient for two hundred and fifty children.

The affairs of the Society are managed by a Board of fourteen trustees (ladies), assisted by an Advisory Committee of three gentlemen. The internal management is entrusted to two Superintendents, who must be a married couple, and able to teach the usual branches of a common English education.

Orphans are admitted under the age of ten years, on condition that their guardians, or relatives, shall relinquish all claim to the disposing of their subsequent course; and if any property belongs to them, it must be delivered to the trustees for the benefit of the child or children owning it. The orphans are clothed, fed and educated, and are also instructed religiously and morally, as well as in the plain departments of English education. As soon as the age and acquirements of the children render them fit, they are indentured—the boys, to mechanics farmers or merchants, or to any occupation which they may fancy; and the girls, to respectable private families only. The indentures of the boys extend to the age of twenty-one; and of the girls, to eighteen years. They are not to be taken, or sent, out of the State of New York.

The last Report shows that the

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Number in Asylum March 31 was	96	76	172
Number admitted during year.	12	5	17
	103	81	189
Number discharged during year	20	11	31
Number remaining April 1.....	88	70	158

The Board of Officers consists of Mrs. John Anthon, First Director; Miss Brinckerhoff, Second Director; Miss M. J. Dothout, Treasurer; Mrs. G. C. Satterlee, Secretary. The Trustees are, Mrs. J. P. Van Home, Mrs. Isaac Gibson, Mrs. Jonathan Odell, Mrs. Nathan Bishop, Mrs. Watts Sherman, Mrs. Sanford, Miss Mary A. Strong, Miss Bella Mathews, Miss Mary Suydam.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The Roman Catholic Asylum for Orphans was incorporated in 1817, and the Asylum for Half Orphans was organized some years later; but in 1852 the two were consolidated under the title of the Roman Catholic Asylum of the City of New York. The Institution has three separate Asylums—one, for girls, in Prince Street, at the corner of Mott Street; one, for boys, in the Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets; and another, for girls, in Madison Avenue, between the same two streets.

The Prince Street buildings occupy nearly half a block. They are four stories high, exclusive of the basement, and they will comfortably accommodate two hundred and fifty orphans. There are three school-rooms in the buildings—one for the infant, one for the intermediate, and one for the more advanced classes. There are six hours for school, and four for recreation. The remainder of the day is appropriated to household work, the sewing-room and meals. When the course of education and training is finished, the children

are indentured, or returned to their friends. If their conduct has been good, the more intelligent orphans are promoted to the School of Industry, in Forty-second Street, where they remain under instruction three years, at the expense of the Asylum.

The Asylum for boys, in the Fifth Avenue, is a fine brick building, on the easterly side of the avenue, which, with its grounds and outbuildings, occupies the block bounded by the Fifth and Madison Avenues and Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. The main building has inclosed balconies on each story, fifteen feet wide. Two wings extend at right angles eastwardly from the main building, and all are three stories high, exclusive of the basement. This building will accommodate five hundred boys.

The new Asylum for Girls is directly in the rear of this, and it occupies the corresponding block on Madison Avenue, bounded by the Fourth Avenue on the east, and by Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. This is of a much finer order of architecture than the Boys' Asylum. When complete, it will form three sides of a hollow square—having a front of two hundred feet on Madison Avenue, and the same front on each of the two streets. The building is of fine brick, with light stone trimmings, and four stories high, exclusive of the basement and a high Mansard attic. The Madison Avenue and the Fifty-first Street fronts are completed, and will accommodate five hundred girls. The completion of the Fifty-second Street front will increase that number to one thousand.

These three Asylums are all under one organization, and they are supported solely by donations from friends and by church collections.

In both the boys' and girls' departments, half-orphans are received in a fixed proportion to the whole number of inmates; and the surviving parent is expected to contribute toward the support of his or her child.

The Board of Officers consists of the Most Reverend Archbishop McClosky, President *ex-officio*; the Very Reverend William Starrs, Vice-President; James Olwell, Treasurer; Louis B. Binuse, Secretary; Jeremiah Quinlan, Assistant Secretary; Jules S. Thebaud, Attending Physician, and nineteen Managers.

ORPHANS' HOME AND ASYLUM OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

The Right Reverend Bishop Wainwright and the Reverend Doctor Hobart, in the year 1851, at the request of some ladies of St. Paul's Church, organized this Asylum for the purpose, as its programme set forth, of affording care, support, and religious training to orphans and half-orphans.

The Asylum is a four-story building of one hundred feet front, situated in Forty-ninth Street, between the Fourth and Lexington Avenues; and it has accommodations for about one hundred and sixty children.

The children received into this Asylum must be between the ages of three and eight years. Boys may be retained until they are twelve years old; and girls, until they are fourteen. Persons who place children in this Institution must pay seventy-five cents a week for their support; but orphans who are entirely given to the Society, may be received without charge; but if those have any property, it must be surrendered to the Board for the benefit of its owners.

Whenever the orphan boy is qualified to that end, he must be indentured to a mechanic, a farmer, or a merchant, unless he himself selects another occupation; and the girls must be indentured to respectable private families. Each indenture is to continue until the beneficiary is eighteen years old: and in this Asylum, as well as in all the Asylums, there are many other rules and conditions, which are published in full in their several annual Reports.

The Asylum has no endowment, nor has it received any aid from the city. A small yearly appropriation has been assigned to it from the State fund for charitable institutions, but, apart from that, it depends entirely on voluntary contributions and donations.

The officers are: Miss Margaret Munro, First Director; Miss Anna Potter, Second Director; Miss Anna L. Peck, Secretary; Miss Mary S. Jones, Treasurer; and William Alexander Smith, Trustee of Permanent Fund.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF HALF-ORPHAN AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

In the year 1835 there were in New York only two Orphan Asylums. One was a Protestant institution, admitting no child but an orphan; the other was a Roman Catholic Asylum, open to orphans and half-orphans. Hence a large number of children who, though not deprived of both parents, were as destitute and helpless as those who had lost both—could appeal for aid to no Protestant home in the city.

It so happened that this condition of things was brought to public notice on the night of the 16th of December, 1835—the night of the great fire, which laid in ashes a large part of the business quarter of the town. A temporary organization was completed at that time; and in April, 1837, the present Society was incorporated. The late James Boorman was among the earliest and most liberal friends and patrons

of this Institution, and the lady to whose personal efforts the success of its preliminary organization was chiefly owing, was the late Mrs. William A. Tomlinson.

The building owned and occupied by the Society is No. 67 West Tenth Street. It is a four-story edifice, exclusive of the basement, one hundred feet front, and has accommodations for two hundred and forty children. The house is carefully built, and it is supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences. Its income is derived from the weekly contributions of such parents of its inmates as are able to pay; from annual subscribers; donations; occasional legacies; rents from shops; and its proportion of the Public School Fund, and of the State Orphans' Fund.

Children received into the Asylum must be between the ages of four years and ten years; and the price charged for board, to those who are able to pay for it, is seventy-five cents a week.

The last Report of the Managers shows that—

The admissions to the Asylum within the year were.....	86
Returned to friends from that number and from the number remaining over from the previous year.....	95
Placed in situations.....	7
Left the Asylum without permission.....	3
Under care during the year.....	313
Number of inmates at the end of the year	207
Whole number since the opening.....	2,922

The Treasurer's Report shows the income to have been:

Donations.....	\$3,841
Subscriptions.....	1,910
Board of children.....	4,927
Legacy.....	940
State Orphans' Fund.....	2,039
From the Public School Fund.....	2,500
Total	\$16,157

A large amount of donations in food, fruit, delicacies, clothing, etc., is every year received from the friends of the Asylum, which things are specified in the Annual Reports.

The officers of the Society are thirty ladies, of whom Mrs. G. D. Phelps is the First Director; Mrs. William G. Bull, Second Director; Mrs. John N. Bradley, Treasurer; Mrs. Daniel D. Lord, Secretary; and the remaining twenty-six are Managers.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

England.—Seaside Games—Art-Students at the South Kensington Museum—Harvey's Sea Torpedo.

The American devotion to croquet can hardly pretend to have reached the pitch attained among our English cousins, since here croquet on the beach is unknown. One would suppose the treacherous nature of both sand and sea would interfere with the successful prosecution of the game. The firm, dry, hard surface of the beach, a few hours after the ebb of the tide, may, indeed, seem to present a smoother and cleaner expanse for the rolling ball, impelled by the mallet in a skillful hand, than the most delicately-shaven lawn in a private garden; the hoops or arches may here be stuck up more easily, and with better promise of stability, than in soil which is parched and baked by the heat of the Summer sun. But when the tide is coming in, as it is bound to come in, regardless of the appointed place and time of their social sport, it is probable that these young ladies and gentlemen, if they have their minds wholly engrossed in the mixed pastime of croquetting and coquetting, will be surprised at the sudden dash of the bold little waves at their feet. Besides, the large amount of moisture retained by the sand makes it an unsuitable platform for the exercise, the croquet-balls being apt to settle and sink partly in, while the surface becomes unpleasantly trampled and roughened. However, the sons and daughters of England contrive to extract some pleasure even from the disadvantages of the occasion, and we offer the picture as a hint of what can be done in the way of "croqueting" by the hoarse sea-waves.

Since the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Etty, together with most of the finer pictures, have been removed to the National Gallery, the glory of Students' Day at South Kensington Museum has to a great extent departed. "A Students' Day at South Kensington" represents the scene which may still be witnessed, however, on any Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday, upon which days the public are only admitted on payment of a sixpenny fee. On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday the Museum is open free. The students' days were no doubt originally instituted for the benefit of those studying in the schools connected with the Museum. Some few of these take advantage of the opportunity, more especially the ladies, who, being mostly of the amateur persuasion, delight in making feeble copies of the "Infant Samuel," the "Angels' Heads," the "Surprise," by Dubufe, etc. But the mass of the copyists are those who have grown gray in the service, and, presumably, make their living by it. Some of the copyists may be seen taking a figure from one picture, a tree from another, and a foreground from another, adding a distance of their own, and so making up an "original" picture. The visitors stand about around the various easels, and critically watch the various processes.

The Harvey torpedo, jointly invented by Captain John Harvey, R. N., and his nephew, Commander Frederick Harvey, is considered by the British Admiralty to be the most practical weapon of the kind for sea service. Consequently the Royal Navy is now being armed with these instruments, and the officers and men are being instructed in their use. The torpedoes are manufactured at the London Ordnance Works, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor, who is held responsible for their perfect construction. A full-sized torpedo, such as that in our drawing, will contain a charge of 70 lbs. to 80 lbs. of powder, or 100 lbs. of dynamite. It can also be loaded with gun-cotton, or any other explosive agent. The torpedo is towed by the operating vessel, and is diverged from the ship 45 degrees on each quarter of the towing vessel. When the torpedo comes in contact with the enemy, the centre-bolt is forced down, which causes the ex-

plosion. A loaded torpedo weighs about 3 cwt., and has a cork buoy attached to it to keep it from sinking too deep. It is not necessary to make a "hit" with the torpedo. If the enemy fouls the tow-line at any point, the continued movement of the operating ship brings it into contact and causes an explosion. After a long series of experiments, this weapon was accepted into the Royal Navy, and has also been adopted by several foreign services, Russia included.

Algeria.—General Lallemand's Camp.

The Algerian sketch was accompanied by a letter from the artist, a Zouave chief of battalion, from which we make a short extract: "My letter is merely intended to serve as address for a small drawing of the camp of Tizi-Bouiron, where General Lallemand, commandant of land forces, having taken the direction of our column, has installed us since the 1st July. Simply to arrive there, we have been obliged, with a force of only four thousand men, to undertake neither more nor less than the conquest of Kabylie, for which three thousand men were needed in 1857. Among the Kabyles, who are still armed with the old-fashioned gun, the triumph of the chaspepot is something frightful. The first Kabyle discharge being made, we can sweep them straight before us, they being unable to re-load their guns, since the operation requires several minutes. Thanks to this superiority we have attained so far as we have, notwithstanding our small number. The Arabs have far less fear of the mitrailleuse, whose effect is only obtained against thickly-massed forces, and is lost upon the scattering guerrilla bands of the Algerians."

Paris.—Fishing in the Seine for Firearms.

Within the present month groups of curious spectators have been watching from the banks of the Seine an entirely new species of fishing. Not far from the bridge of Austerlitz the dredging was instituted, for the purpose of saving from the water some ammunition which was known to have been sunk there by the Communists in the last days of their power. A small quantity of chaspepots and bayonets have been recovered, as well as some pistols and equipments. These arms, however, were completely spoiled by their prolonged submersion.

Alsatin.—Welcome to French ex-Prisoners at Strasbourg.—The Czar at Strasbourg.

The return of French prisoners, sent through Strasbourg from various stations in the interior of Germany, has been the cause of the liveliest demonstrations in the capital of Alsatia. Each convoy receives a welcome which forms a lively testimony of the warm feeling of the Alsatians for their mother country, as they consider France. The first returned prisoners, arriving in Strasbourg without money or food, were forced to beg assistance. Upon this, a committee of succor was promptly formed, and now every group of prisoners becomes on its arrival in Strasbourg the guest of the reception committee, is liberally fed at the restaurant, supplied with shoes and clothing, and well entertained up to the moment when the train departs for Paris.

One of our engravings represents, as a historical souvenir, the visit lately made by the Emperor of Russia at Strasbourg. The Czar of all the Russias was much touched by the spectacle of ruin presented by this once comfortable, flourishing, and luxurious little city, while he was utterly unable to discover any of the evidences of a German or anti-French spirit so strongly insisted on by his host the Emperor William.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The widow of the late Rev. Thomas Starr King, of San Francisco, has married her husband's executor, who is worth \$500,000.

There were four thunder-showers, August 16th, between sunrise and 10 P. M. Forty-two such showers had occurred that far this season.

WALT WHITMAN, a Treasury clerk, recently called the poet of Democracy, has received a friendly letter from Tennyson, with an invitation for a visit to Aldworth.

A new historical novel, entitled "Mohammed Ali und sein Haus," published at Jena, in four volumes, is from the ever-agitated pen of Louise Mühlbach.

The Germans in Moscow have purchased a magnificent team of three white Russian horses for 4,000 roubles in silver, intended as a present for Prince Bismarck.

The great Danish mathematician Dohl has written a series of poetical rhapsodies on the inspiring subject of beer. He evidently wishes to show his familiarity with lager-rhythms.

A GENTLEMAN who deals in chronometers and watches lately maintains that for fifteen years he has observed that more watch-springs are broken during July and August than during any other season of the year. Can any one tell the cause of this?

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE was unfortunate in his visit to the Michigan Mineral Springs, as were many of the invalids. He had an attack of the fever and ague, with a shake every other day. He escaped to Bethesda Spring, in Wisconsin, and thence he proposed to visit Mackinac Island.

A HISTORY of the London Times is preparing. That newspaper was established in 1785 under the title of the *Daily Universal Register*, which was changed on New Year's Day of 1788 to its present name. Five years afterward the number of its subscribers did not exceed one thousand.

NEARLY eighty of the Cornish miners receiving instruction in the classes of the Miners' Association of Cornwall and Devonshire, England, have passed the Science examinations of the Department of Science and Art. Among these there are no fewer than seven first-class, in the advanced grade.

A PARIS journal says that a large sum of money which Christine Nilsson intrusted to a very near friend in the French capital to speculate with, has been entirely lost by unfortunate operations. He also sank a large part of his own fortune at the same time. The Bourgeois is as uncertain as Wall Street.

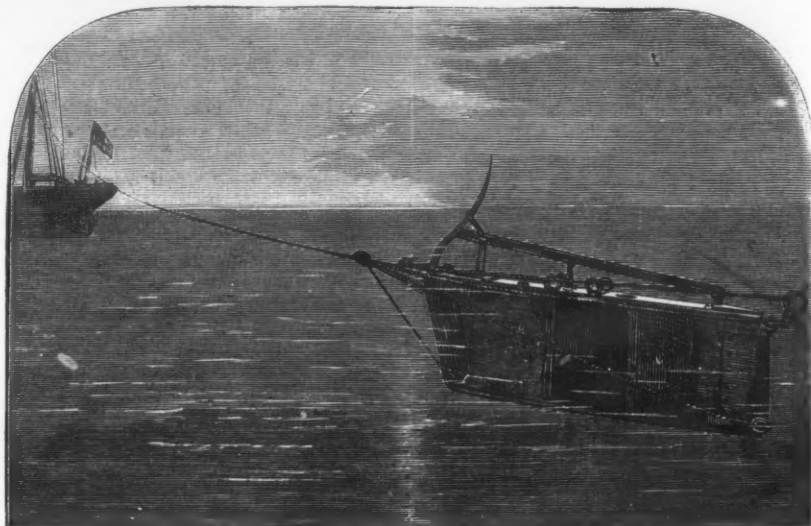
A GRAND hop was given by the guests of the La Tourette House, at Bergen Point, N. J., on Wednesday evening, August 16th, as a compliment to Mr. R. McMichael, the genial and popular issuer of that favorite establishment. The affair was of the most fashionable character, and was a worthy acknowledgment of a host's care for his guests.

A SALE of the furniture and works of art belonging to the late M. Auber has been going on at the Hôtel des Ventes. The paintings, although signed by some celebrated masters, brought, in general, very low prices, the highest being paid for a female figure by Chaplin, and which only sold for 322 francs. A portrait of Madame Anna Thillon, the singer, by Horace Vernet, was knocked down for 25 francs; one of Madame Mailbran, by the same artist, but unfinished, for 100 francs; a sea piece, a sketch, by Gudin, sold for 27 francs; a miniature of Madame Dechange, by Isabey, for 200 francs; and one of the Duke of Orleans, by D'Aubigny, 225 francs. The library is exceedingly limited, but contains some operatic scores and editions of classical music.

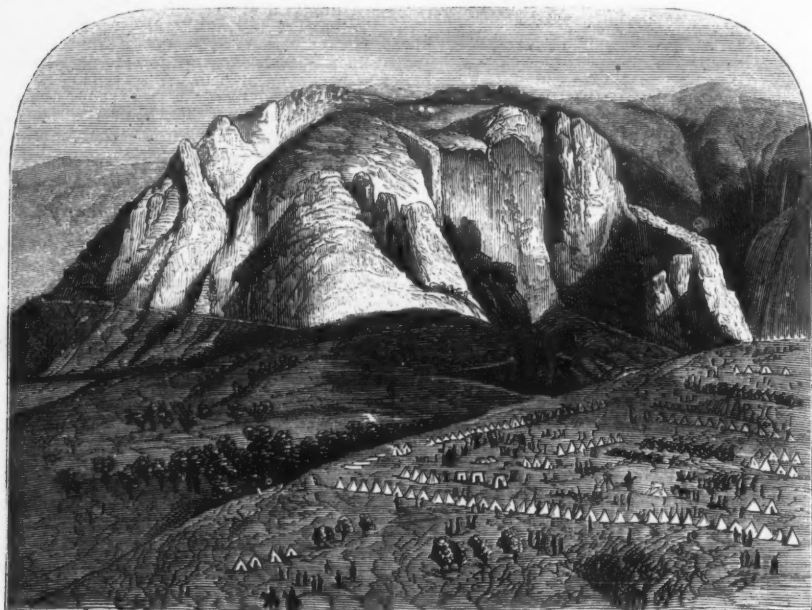
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



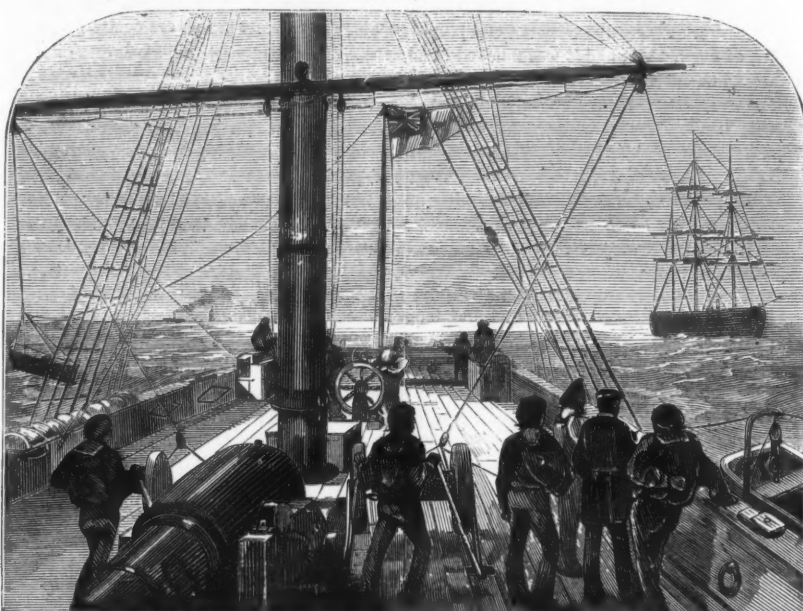
ENGLAND.—CROQUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES—A SCENE OCCASIONALLY WITNESSED AT BRIGHTON AND SCARBOROUGH.



SEA-TORPEDO INVENTED BY HARVEY, NOW USED IN THE BRITISH AND RUSSIAN NAVIES.



ALGERIA.—CAMP OF GENERAL LALLEMAND'S TROOPS, AT TIZI-BOUIRON.



ENGLAND.—INSTRUCTING BRITISH MARINES IN THE USE OF HARVEY'S SEA-TORPEDO.



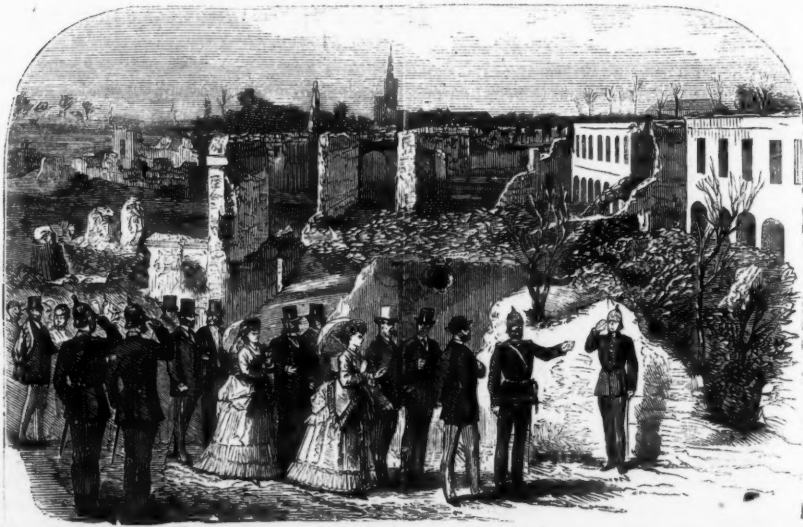
PARIS.—FISHING FOR COMMUNIST FIREARMS, SUNK NEAR THE BRIDGE OF AUSTERLITZ.



ENGLAND.—ART-STUDENTS COPYING THE PAINTINGS IN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON.



ALSATIA.—SUCCOR EXTENDED IN STRASBOURG TO FRENCH PRISONERS RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY IN GERMANY TOWARD THEIR NATIVE LAND



ALSATIA.—THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, DURING HIS LATE VISIT, EXAMINING THE RUINS OF STRASBOURG.



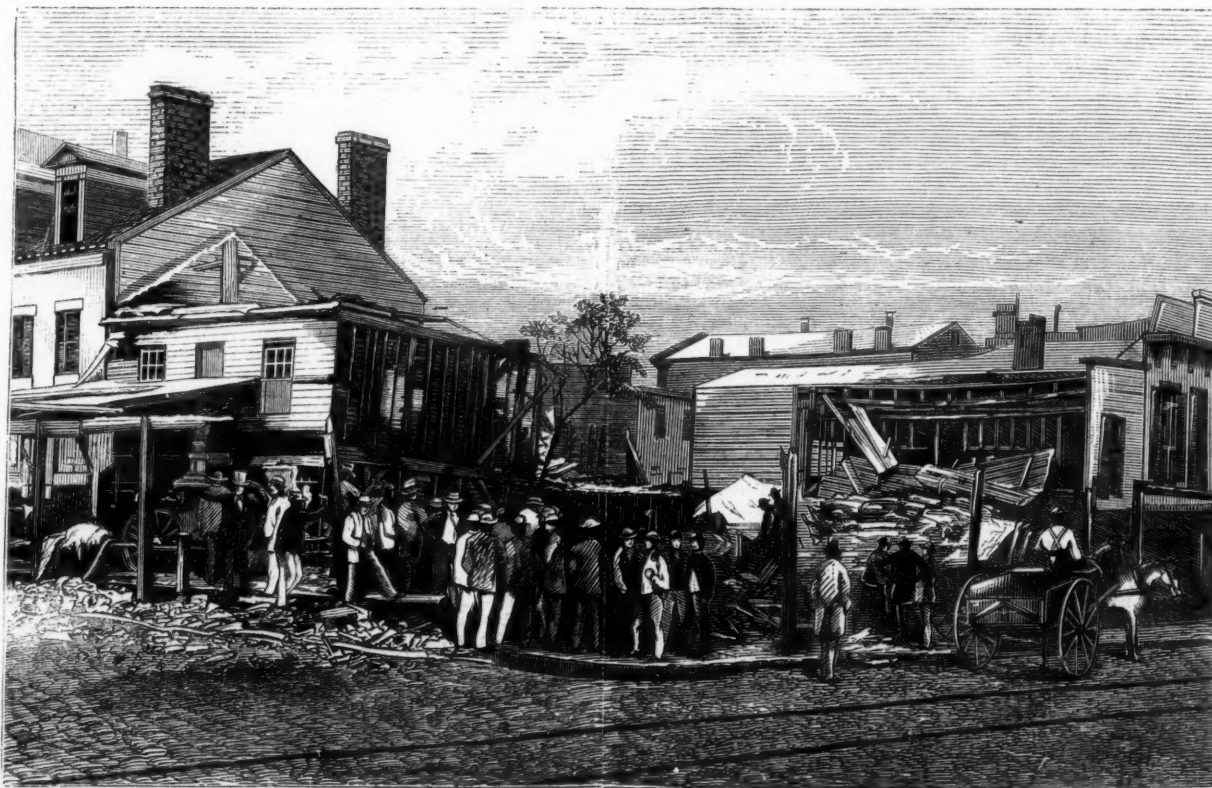
BRAZIL.—COROAS INDIANS, WHO WALKED TWELVE HUNDRED MILES TO SEE THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL LEAVE FOR EUROPE.

COROAS INDIANS.

Our engraving gives a representation of the Coroas Indians, who walked one thousand two hundred miles to see the Emperor of Brazil leave his home for England. During their journey they had to swim across several rivers, nearly the whole of their traveling being through forest-land. These five Indians belong to the tribe of the Coroas, or Corohas, who inhabit the banks of the River Soriano, a affluent of the Tocantino. They are famous for their wars against the Timbrás, of the interior of Maranhão. They belong to the great family of the Tapuzos. The central figure is the captain. The journey was commenced in the beginning of April, 1871, the Indians traveling for four months before reaching Rio de Janeiro.

THE SINGULAR EXPLOSION IN JERSEY CITY.

An inexplicable accident, resulting in the most murderous conflagration that has been known in Jersey City since the nitro-



NEW JERSEY.—MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION AT THE CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND WASHINGTON STREETS, JERSEY CITY, AUGUST 14TH—EVIDENCE AFFORDED BY A PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF THE RUINS.

glycerine explosion two years and a half ago, took place on the night of August 13th and 14th. Three human beings perished in the flames, and seven others received mortal or very severe injuries.

At a quarter past twelve o'clock on the morning of the 14th, people residing in the vicinity of Montgomery and Washington Streets, Jersey City, were startled by a terrible explosion, like the report of a cannon-shot. Almost instantly another and much louder report occurred, which was followed by showers of timber, fragments of glass, and other missiles, which fell on all sides, for upward of a hundred yards. The firemen were quickly on hand, and found that it was the building owned and occupied by Messrs. Durancy & McGee, liquor dealers, corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets. Nearly the entire front wall of the store was swept across the street, showers of bricks and timbers were hurled into the air, and then burst forth from the ruins a hissing, surging

sheet of flame, darkened with a cloud of smoke. In less than half a minute afterward, the shattered remnant of the rickety frame structure was floating in a pool of fire.

That the conflagration was the infernal plot of one or more incendiaries there is not a doubt, and if guilt can be established against any wretch in this most diabolical triple murder, the rusty gallows in Hudson County Jail will come into the light of day.

The last two bodies removed were those of the wretched proprietors, Durancy and McGee, and a coroner's inquest will endeavor to find whether these unlucky men were the perpetrators, or only the victims of the accident.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

Young Love went offering kisses
To Evangeline and Maude,
Two comely-looking misses,
Whom by chance he spied abroad.

Spoke Evangeline, deep blushing,
"I'll have no kiss from thee;"
"Gentle youth," said Maude, scarce flushing,
"Neither any bring to me."

Then he smiled, the pert offender,
As he passed the maiden by,
Love-sick for Maude so tender,
And Evangeline so shy.

Once again he met those misses,
Singly forth each maiden came;
When he forward sprang to kiss them,
Neither maid disdained the same!

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS FOLLOWING
AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued).

"From the little acquaintance that I have had with your departed friend, I should scarcely select him as a messmate for a long cruise," said Mr. Tartar, with that fresh voice and manner showing him equally incapable of fostering narrowness of view or retaining long animosity; "and yet, why should he not hold a better place on the roll than any of us would be likely to give him? I have known a general court-martial, with any number of epaulets and any quantity of gray hairs above them, condemn and hang a poor fellow, on circumstantial evidence, who was afterward found to be only unfortunate and misled, instead of guilty; and it is a good thing for all of us, I fancy, that the Presiding Officer of the courts up aloft can see further and better with the naked eye than we with the best sea-glass!"

Helena Landless said nothing for a time—as one to whom the intelligence had been already communicated. If she had spoken, and spoken her thought, she would probably have expressed her deep thankfulness that she had been mercifully spared from a great remorse, which might have haunted her during the rest of her life, in the event of this death occurring, under similar circumstances, only a few days before—when a certain handsome boy, Joe Giffert to wit, was trying an experiment so dangerous and so easily fatal! Well for the repose of her conscientious nature, that she could never know to the contrary—never dream that any portion of Dr. Chippercoyne's subtle preparation remained behind her to work this death in unskillful hands—that she could attribute it, as did others, to opium, the pangs of guilt and fear, and the wearing away of the very powers of life!

A ring at the door, scarcely noticed by either of the four, in the conversation occurring over the death of John Jasper; and then, after a considerable interval, during which their notice was attracted by a certain amount of altercation and stumbling over obstructions in the hall-way—a tap, two or three times repeated, at the door of the drawing-room. Rosa, partially expecting Mr. Grewgious, to make his farewells and "see them off," and a little wondering that even he should have received such a reception for their sakes, in the house of his relative—went to the door and opened it.

The next thing of which the four within the room were aware was a scream of terror, followed by a cry of joy; and then they saw the young girl make a rush forward, counterbalancing the late recoil, throwing her arms around the neck of a young fellow who shared in the enthusiastic demonstration, if he did not supply quite the half of it, and covering his face with kisses, of which he was only able to repay a moiety, while she laughed and sobbed and gurgled out a variety of exclamations and inquiries, of which the most intelligible that could be caught were:

"Oh, Eddy! You are sure, sure, sure that you are yourself, and not a ghost? Where, where have you been all this time? And why, why, why did you come so suddenly and frighten us all to death?"

EDWIN DROOD!

At least, Edwin Drood, if anything could be judged from the singularly life-like appearance, the least in the world like that of a ghost—the eye bright; the figure a shade more manly than it had been eight or nine months before; and the cheek much browner and therefore healthier-looking, as if the sun of a warmer climate than that of England had temporarily shone upon it. And possibly there was something corroborative of physical existence, in the voice, with much of its former manner, though scarcely so merry as of old—as how could it be, with its last previous utterance, half an hour before, in a certain chamber of Staple Inn: "Poor old Jack!—poor old passionate, guilty Jack! How I loved and trusted him, once!—and how he loved me, before he went mad, after *her*!"

"Did I frighten you, Passy? Why, what a

brute I am! Myself? Of course I am myself; and I have altogether too much appetite for a ghost. Where have I been? Everywhere in general, and around your bothering old Pyramids, in Egypt, in particular! All about that, and a hundred other things by-and-by. And what a dear little handsome Pussy you are, after all!"

Naturally all this, consuming so much time in the relation, had occupied far less in reality. And the brief interval had not been entirely filled by the two principal actors. There had been other cries and exclamations of surprise, and all present were on their feet, manifesting emotions quite in keeping with their several characters. Miss Twinkleton was simply frightened and speechless. Mr. Tartar, for the instant, possibly forgetting the past, and only remembering that a pair of plump little white arms, believed allotted to himself in the distribution of prizes after the fight, were around the neck of another and younger man—looked like seizing a cutlass, heading a gang of boarders, and coming to close quarters of a very violent character—until the native good-sense of the man reasserted itself and the frown passed away in a smile of pleasure at the unexpected return.

And Helena Landless? That she was less surprised than either of the others, at the return of the dead to life, was very possible—for she gave no start to indicate the totally unexpected. And yet there was evidence that she was more moved than any of the others—far more than the impulsive child who rained kisses and fond words on the newcomer. Her brown cheek was totally colorless; and her eyes were full of a strange expression blending an intense joy and a fright almost driving her to rush from the room—as for that moment or two she stood apparently unnoticed. Few women, perhaps, in all the long catalogue of the loving, the suffering, the temporarily or finally bereaved, the suddenly reassured, have ever been placed in precisely such anomalous circumstances as those at that moment surrounding the Ceylonese girl. What she had hoped—what she almost knew—had already proved itself. The man she loved so dearly and had mourned like his faithful widow, was alive! But what was she to him? Everything? Nothing? What should she do?—what say?—how comport herself in that most difficult and trying of all positions, when on one side she might in an instant compromise her maidenly modesty and on the other falsify her woman's heart?

But it often chances that while we are troubling ourselves over the coming of the deferred rain that is to revive the thirsty crops, or the overdue ship that bears our fortunes, the rain falls, without any interposition of ours: the vessel arrives, borne in by other winds than the breath of our wishes. And Nature, as Helena Landless might have known had she been a few years older and more experienced, is a better teacher than any sitting in the schools.

Possibly Edwin Drood had not seen her, at the first moment of his coming, in the virtual possession taken of him by Rosa. But, scarcely disengaged, his eye caught her face and form; and then, had the young girl been better skilled in reading the eye of love, or dared quite to look upon it, she might have read all that she wished. He stepped toward her, as she stood erect, pale and motionless—holding out his hand with an unmistakable fervor of gladness.

"Miss Landless! Helena! Will you not welcome the returned runaway, too?"

Would she not welcome him! Ah!

She could only speak one word, then, as she held out the taper fingers nearly brown as her cheek, but so perfectly shaped and handsomer for their very warmth of color.

"Edwin!" not "Mr. Drood," as he had begun: only "Edwin!"

Perhaps the tone told something; for the young man did not seem satisfied with the prospect of the one hand—wished for both. Both were given him; and then he raised the two to his lips, with a shameless disregard of all the other personalities present, and covered them with kisses. There is some hope that neither this nor what followed, however, was observed by the others; for at that juncture Miss Twinkleton, wonderfully weaned from the proprieties, found sudden occasion to bring something from an opposite table; and Rosa, her ebullition over, smuggled up alongside of Mr. Tartar, as if she might be a fairy pinnace belonging to that stanch though scarcely grim man-of-war, with an inquiry whether he did not think that it had been too, too absurd—her behavior to Eddy?—but how could she help it? for she was so glad to see him, and didn't he know that they had come very near to being man and wife, once?—and then what, what, what would have become of him—jealous fellow! And Mr. Tartar himself, his momentary jealousy blown away, was receiving this model confession of penitence, and at the same moment looking very hard out of the top of the window, to discover from the opposite chimney-pots whether there would be a head wind or a severe knot breeze abaft, on the way to the station.

What all these, or any of them, would have seen, had they paid full attention to matters not concerning them—may be summed up in a few words. They would have seen Edwin Drood, after a moment of devouring the hands of his mistress with kisses, drop both, as if moved by an impulse beyond control, and hold out his arms, without a word, but with a compelling earnestness far more effective than any language. They would have seen Helena Landless pale until the brown cheek might rival that of any of her blonde sisters; then redden suddenly, till all the brownness and all the paleness both faded in the very flush of the morning sky; then force herself back, with a frightened movement, as if she could not, dared not, must not submit, then and there; then yield, as we all must yield, struggle how we may, at the hour of our Written Fate, and meet the outstretched arms with a cry and a tired, weary,

joyful nestling of the head against the breast to which it was gathered, needing no words to mark the heart-full Betrothal!

CHAPTER XXVI.

TYING THE THREADS.

TIMES change—upon the old Cathedral town, as over every other spot of trodden earth. And as they change, a statelier procession moves along, in the succession of the rolling years, than opium-dreamer ever saw in lurid visions of the Accursed Sleep. For if the cymbals clash, as clash they do at times, it may be but the hands of single men that, beating them together, send out their brassy sound upon the air—and yet, it may be that a nation's angry might combines to strike melodious terror to the hearts of listening men. If bright swords flash and dancing-girls strew flowers, there may be something more, in all, than the mere idle pageant of an Orient show; for half the blades may be those keenest ones of trenchant thought; and in the wreathing arms and supple limbs, circling and turning in the mazy dance, there may be nations mad with wealth and luxury, preparing in those hours of wanton ease for fearful judgments in the days to come, when pampered nerves no longer have the power to hold the steel demanded for a native land's defense, and when the conqueror's foot unchecked shall tread above the monuments of Art and Pride, with steps more blighting still than Attila's. Nay, more—the bed of sleep that is no sleep, where hands are clutching madly as at phantom throats, and murderous knives upraised to stab and slay whoever comes in reach—this bed may be as broad as earth, and on it nations clutching, stabbing at each other's lives, as if we traveled back in history, and were approaching, not receding, from the day of brother-slaying, most red-handed Cain. But something else, thank God!—may be, as well, in all those rolling years. Inventions, making stronger Labor's weary hand; Discoveries, bringing nations nearer each to each; Benevolences, softening even the asperities of War, and making more endurable the bitter lot of Poverty; Emancipations, freeing human minds and bodies; Illuminations from that brighter sphere where man is privileged to walk in thought while yet his body feels the clinging clog of clay—these, and a thousand more of blessed things, may be more evident in each of all those rolling years, and proving to the heart so prone to sink in hopeless pity for its kind that all the course of time has due direction, point and purpose, in the Guiding Mind, and that the Onward, all confessed, is stronger than the Retrograde.

And in the greater lies the less—even that infinitesimal less involving the fates of those some portions of whose history lie in this brief chronicle. Lined more as the hand of the Great Designer scatters hues and shapes on some evening cloud, than as the painter draws and colors on the material canvas—we may see, as following the events already recorded, the little that still claims notice in the destinies of each, and fancy the hours and days in the great total bringing each its time.

When Miss Twinkleton is once more in her place at the Nun's House, with a new bevy of budding girls supplying the place of those gone away to return no more—thinking most of all of dear little Rosebud, at once her delight and her torment and meeting a fate so blended of the gay and the grave, the sorrowful and the happy; remembering Foolish Mr. Porters occasionally, as she must continue to do until memory fades under the graying hair; but for some cause showing to her pupils less of her school-room aspect, now, and more of that genial best-self which was once reserved for the private hour and Mrs. Fisher, than before she went through a certain experience which will always, when she recalls it, make her hold her breath with wonder and a trifle of agitation.

When Mrs. Billickin, stretched and martyred on her own rack of meanness and malevolence, and no longer able, through receding and constantly-less-and-less respectable patronage, to keep sweet rooms in any house, is supplying disreputable lodgings to and broiling herrings for half a dozen ambiguous lodgers, at prices in accordance with the accommodation—in a foul street of the Seven Dials, keeping but one servant, herself, and that one not paid that liberal as never to complain; and though candid as ever in her lowered way, dispensing with shawls as incumbrances; seldom clutching at the escaping heart, from a want of care whether it escapes or not; and never swooning, from deficiency of time or attendance necessary for that diversion.

When little Crawshee possesses that wonderful invention of steel, leather and whalebone designed by Datchery, carried out by Bazzard, and made by Chevalier—which holds up the poor drooping head, makes him far less a cripple, and enables him to earn as well as enjoy something of the humble living of his position. When Black Tom-boy is older, more quiet, a little afflicted with wonder at seeing that young master of his the possessor of two hands, but quite as ready and willing as ever, on due provocation, to rescue or throttle.

When Stony Durdles, still gruff, lime-dusty and impracticable as ever, and still tenacious of Old Uns, but a shade less intemperate and so more than a shade additionally industrious and comfortable—has progressed so far with the statue of his lost girl, that Mr. Crisparkle compliments him warmly upon his success, and it may reach, before he is entirely gray, and altogether helpless, to something near enough to the proportions of humanity, quite to fill the poor old fellow's heart.

When Mr. Honeythunder has a wickedly-bright young fellow, with a crippled left hand and arm and a tendency to whistle in the hallways, sometimes calling on him, by permission, at the Head Haven, presumably from school or light occupation—with whom he is always alone for some minutes, whom he always dismisses

with a kindness indicating that he must be a relative or favored protégé—and from whose company he always comes out, on such occasions, with a voice less overpowering and a manner less combative to others, than generally mark the utterance and demeanor of the Aggressive Philanthropist.

When Mayor Sapsea has swollen, in his pompous donkeyism, to such proportions that he is quite beyond recognition by most of the people of Cloisterham—his Mayoralty looked back upon, by himself, as rather a degradation of intellect, than any honor; the wondrous Epitaph seldom alluded to, by one who could now excel it so far, if he would; and a probability existing that the dignity of Knighthood, if ever offered, will be declined, nothing less than Baron Sapsea, of Pompsfusselgh, in the county of Chalk, being worthy of his later dignified consideration.

When the miserable old woman of the East has coughed and strangled herself finally into bits—being found, one morning not long after the *finale* of John Jasper, in the same condition, with a difference, to which she aided in reducing the Choir Master—and buried in a manner eliciting no regard as to its dreffle character or the market-price of the operation, the expenses being (always narrowly) defrayed by the public funds.

When there is a new legal firm at the Staple Inn, that of Messrs. Grewgious & Bazzard, Solicitors and Conveyancers, with a specialty of Collecting Rents—of which the senior partner grows less Angular, more suave, more garrulous, and more drolly afraid of doctors' bottles and medical preparations, as he grows older, and sometimes falls into fits of long abstraction, in which, from the solemnity of his countenance and an occasional use of the handkerchief afterward, he may be thinking of a strange blending of Her and Her Mother—the probability being rendered stronger by the retention of a certain odd sofa, on which there is a seat "first-class," from which, when he can do so, he always excludes all sitters, as if he saw some form sitting there, too sacred to be disturbed. Of the junior, meanwhile, it being notable that he seldom visits the theatre, and only on tragedy-nights; that he has an odd penchant for the abstruse and difficult, not to say the tricky, in the line of professional duty; that he exacts a large amount of deference from his senior, and sways full command of the wine-cellar below, under the probable idea that he "mightn't like it, else;" that he looks a shade less fatuous, inconsequent and dough-faced, as he grows older and pays more attention to business—to the stony eyes of P. J. T., date seventeen forty-seven, who Probably Judges Truly, from long experience; and that he has always an unaccountable tendency to forget his hat, after the manner of his departed friend Datchery.

When Mr. Crisparkle, a trifle older and more mellowed, but still cheery and lovable, has conquered the keenest pangs of that sorrow once so poignant though always so manfully borne—his labors shared and perhaps some of his burdens lightened, by the Reverend Neville Landless, for years in holy orders, and of his own choice attached to the service of Cloisterham Cathedral—a cheerful, conscientious, earnest young man, doing with his might what he finds to do, and evidently expending in his vocation an almost fierce energy that might have been very differently employed but for certain rulings of Providence. The Minor Canon still taking his headers into the river below Cloisterham Weir, and his constitutionals, with all due regularity—preserving his physical and mental health, and leading the China Shepherdess, who seems perennial (by means of or in spite of the upper closet), to look forward to the proud possibility that she may live to see her dear Sept a full Canon and even his Reverence the Dean.

When Helena Landless, the name of Drood added by a different Act to that of Parliament, has lived much abroad, accompanying her brave, always boyish, but rising and capable husband, on some of those engineering expeditions in the East which have materially aided, later, in making Egypt once more the highway of nations; her portrait painted, without objection on the part of the brother who could once found an insult on the very idea of her face being limned by that special hand—painted so often and in so many of the gayer and graver moods of the husband-artist, that the collection forms little less than a gallery of beautiful whimsicalities; brother and husband long ceased to be belligerents in deed or word, in the absence of John Jasper's drugged wine or a cause of rivalry; her lot in life as truly rounded and completed as that of her oddly-chosen love-mate; and the tiger's drop all gone out of her heart now, with the dangerous gleam from her handsome tawny eyes, in the affection, duty and happiness of the true and noble woman.

When Rosebud, long since the possessor of the diamond-and-ruby ring of Her Mother, as well as the invaluable libelous portrait of schoolgirl Pussy, and sailed on a land-cruise of much duration and few opportunities for quitting the ship, under command of Ex-Lieutenant Tartar, of the Royal Navy—sometimes looks up in childish terror at his chosen ascents, descents and promenades over the roof and balconies of their pretty little abode on the Dorset coast, opposite the Isle of Wight, and says, without the least belief that he will fall, or injure himself more than a cat if he does: "Oh, Robert, why, why will you frighten me so?" and "Do come down and be like other people, that's a dear!" while she would not have him like other people for all the wealth within her limited reach; as also giving vent to a more serious fear, in the inquiry: "Oh, Robert! how did baby manage to get such a little tiny button of a nose, just like mine? and will it ever, ever, ever grow like yours, so much larger and handsomer, do you think? Isn't it too absurd?"

When the memory of John Jasper's Crime and John Jasper's Secret, Provoking Jove's

Thunders over his guilty head, and eventually Producing Judgment Terrible—never fading away entirely from sleepy old Cloisterham, has still become shadowed and softened there by time and the presence of the world's hurrying events, until plying spoken of as poor Jasper's Troubles; and when Mr. Tope, still taking his queues of visitors round the Cathedral, though more slowly and carefully than of old, would probably find his recollection misty enough to deny that there had ever been a double wall to the grand old structure, if he did not even attempt to invalidate the truth of the whole relation as connected with it!

THE END.

EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF A NEW FORCE.

By WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

[The gentleman whose name is appended to this article is not unknown to science. He is an able and indefatigable investigator; and while we, as individuals, attach little importance to his experimental researches, it is due to a large and growing portion of American society to give their results as presented by an honest and able man.—Ed.]

TWELVE months ago I wrote an article, in which, after expressing in the most emphatic manner my belief in the occurrence, under certain circumstances, of phenomena inexplicable by any known natural laws, I indicated several tests which men of science had a right to demand before giving credence to the genuineness of these phenomena. Among the tests pointed out were, that a "delicately poised balance should be moved under test conditions;" and that some exhibition of power equivalent to so many "foot pounds" should be "manifested in his laboratory, where the experimentalist could weigh, measure, and submit it to proper tests." I said, too, that I could not promise to enter fully into this subject, owing to the difficulties of obtaining opportunities, and the numerous failures attending the inquiry; moreover, that "the persons in whose presence these phenomena take place are few in number, and opportunities for experimenting with previously arranged apparatus are rarer still."

Opportunities having since offered for pursuing the investigation, I have gladly availed myself of them for applying to these phenomena careful scientific testing experiments, and I have thus arrived at certain definite results which I think it right should be published. These experiments appear conclusively to establish the existence of a new force, in some unknown manner connected with the human organization, which for convenience may be called the Psychic Force.

Of all the persons endowed with a powerful development of this Psychic Force, and who have been termed "mediums" upon quite another theory of its origin, Mr. Daniel D. Home is the most remarkable, and it is mainly owing to the many opportunities I have had of carrying on my investigation in his presence that I am enabled to affirm so conclusively the existence of this force. The experiments I have tried have been very numerous, but owing to our imperfect knowledge of the conditions which favor or oppose the manifestations of this force, to the apparently capricious manner in which it is exerted, and to the fact that Mr. Home himself is subject to unaccountable ebbs and flows of the force, it has but seldom happened that a result obtained on one occasion could be subsequently confirmed and tested with apparatus specially contrived for the purpose.

Among the remarkable phenomena which occur under Mr. Home's influence, the most striking as well as the most easily tested with scientific accuracy are: (1.) The alteration in the weight of bodies; and (2.) The playing of tunes upon musical instruments (generally an accordion, for convenience of portability) without direct human intervention, under conditions rendering contact or connection with the keys impossible. Not until I had witnessed these facts some half-dozen times, and scrutinized them with all the critical acumen I possess, did I become convinced of their objective reality.

Still, desiring to place the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt, I invited Mr. Home on several occasions to come to my own house, where, in the presence of a few scientific inquirers, these phenomena could be submitted to crucial experiments.

The meetings took place in the evening, in a large room lighted by gas. The apparatus prepared for the purpose of testing the movements of the accordion consisted of a cage, formed of two wooden hoops, respectively 1 foot 10 inches and 2 feet diameter, connected together by 12 narrow laths, each 1 foot 10 inches long, so as to form a drum-shaped frame, open at the top and bottom; round this, 50 yards of insulated copper wire were wound in 24 rounds, each being rather less than an inch from its neighbor. These horizontal strands of wire were then netted together firmly with string, so as to form meshes rather less than 2 inches long by 1 inch high. The height of this cage was such that it would just slip under my dining-table, but be too close to the top to allow of the hand being introduced into the interior, or to admit of a foot being pushed underneath it. In another room were two Grove's cells, wires being led from them into the dining-room for connection, if desirable, with the wire surrounding the cage.

The accordion was a new one, having been purchased for these experiments at Wheatstone's, in Conduit Street, London. Mr. Home had neither handled nor seen the instrument before the commencement of the test experiments.

In another part of the room an apparatus was fitted up for experimenting on the alteration in the weight of a body. It consisted of a mahogany board, 36 inches long by 1/2 inches

wide and 1 inch thick. At each end a strip of mahogany 1 1/2 inches wide was screwed on, forming feet. One end of the board rested on a firm table, whilst the other end was supported by a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand. The balance was fitted with a self-registering index, in such a manner that it would record the maximum weight indicated by the pointer. The apparatus was adjusted so that the mahogany board was horizontal, its foot resting flat on the support. In this position its weight was 3 lbs., as marked by the pointer of the balance.

Before Mr. Home entered the room the apparatus had been arranged in position, and he had not even had the object of some of it explained before sitting down. It may, perhaps, be worth while to add, for the purpose of anticipating some critical remarks which are likely to be made, that in the afternoon I called for Mr. Home at his apartments, and when there he suggested that as he had to change his dress, perhaps I should not object to continue our conversation in his bedroom. I am, therefore, enabled to state positively, that no machinery, apparatus, or contrivance of any sort was secreted about his person.

The investigators present on the test occasion were an eminent physicist, high in the ranks of the Royal Society, whom I will call Dr. A. B. (William Huggins); a well-known Serjeant-at-Law, whom I will call Serjeant C. D. (E. W. Cox); my brother; and my chemical assistant.

Mr. Home sat in a low easy-chair at the side of the table. Close in front under the table was the aforesaid cage, one of his legs being on each side of it. I sat close to him on his left, and another observer sat close on his right, the rest of the party being seated at convenient distances round the table.

For the greater part of the evening, particularly when anything of importance was going forward, the observers on each side of Mr. Home kept their feet respectively on his feet, so as to be able to detect his least movement.

The temperature of the room varied from 68° to 70° F.

Mr. Home took the accordion between the thumb and middle finger of one hand at the opposite end to the keys (see woodcut, Fig. 1),

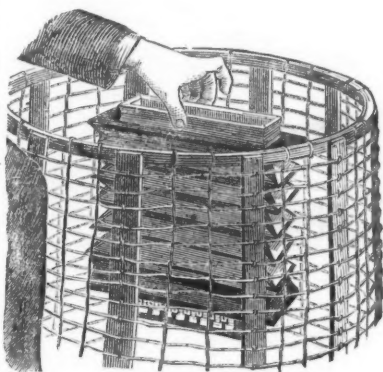


FIG. 1.

(to save repetition this will be subsequently called "in the usual manner"). Having previously opened the bass key myself, and the cage being drawn from under the table so as just to allow the accordion to be passed in keys downward, it was pushed back as close as Mr. Home's arm would permit, but without hiding his hand from those next to him (see Fig. 2). Very soon the accordion was seen by those on each side to be waving about in a somewhat curious manner; then sounds came from it, and finally several notes were played in succession. Whilst this was going on, my assistant got under the table, and reported that the accordion was expanding and contracting; at the same time it was seen that Mr. Home's hand which held it was quite still, his other hand resting on the table.

Presently the accordion was seen by those on either side of Mr. Home to move about, oscillating and going round and round the cage, and playing at the same time.

Dr. A. B. now looked under the table, and said that Mr. Home's hand appeared quite still whilst the accordion was moving about, emitting distinct sounds.

Mr. Home, still holding the accordion in the usual manner in the cage, his feet being held by those next him and his other hand resting

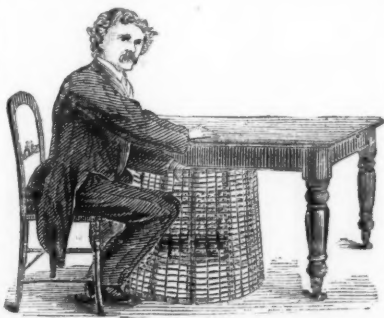


FIG. 2.

on the table, we heard distinct and separate notes sounded in succession, and then a simple air was played. As such a result could only have been produced by the various keys of the instrument being acted upon in harmonious succession, this was considered by those present to be a crucial experiment.

But the sequel was still more striking, for Mr. Home then actually let go the accordion, removed his hand quite out of the cage, and placed it in the hand of the person next to

him, the instrument then continuing to play whilst no one was touching it.

I was now desirous of trying what would be the effect of passing the battery-current round the insulated wire of the cage, and my assistant accordingly made the connection with the wires from the two Grove's cells. Mr. Home again held the instrument inside the cage in the same manner as before, when it immediately sounded and moved about vigorously. But whether the electric current passing round the cage assisted the manifestation of force inside, it is impossible to say.

The accordion was now again taken without any visible touch from Mr. Home's hand, which he removed from it entirely; I and two of the others present not only seeing his released hand, but the accordion also floating about with no visible support inside the cage. This was repeated a second time, after a short interval. Mr. Home presently re-inserted his hand in the cage and again took hold of the accordion.

It then commenced to play, at first chords and runs, and afterward a well-known sweet and plaintive melody, which it executed perfectly and in a very beautiful manner. Whilst this tune was being played, I took hold of Mr. Home's arm, below the elbow, and gently slid my hand down it until I touched the top of the accordion. He was not moving a muscle; his other hand was on the table, visible to all, and his feet were under the feet of those next to him.

Having met with such striking results in the experiments with the accordion in the cage, we turned to the balance apparatus already described. Mr. Home placed the tips of his fingers lightly on the extreme end of the mahogany board which was resting on the support, whilst Dr. A. B. and myself sat, one on each side of it, watching for any effect which might be produced. Almost immediately the pointer of the balance was seen to descend; after a few seconds it rose again. This movement was repeated several times, as if by successive waves of the Psychic Force. The end of the board was observed to oscillate slowly up and down during the time.

Mr. Home now, of his own accord, took a small hand-bell and a little card match-box, which happened to be near, and placed one under each hand, to satisfy us, as he said, that he was not producing the downward pressure (see Fig. 3). The very slow oscillation of the spring-balance became more marked, and Dr. A. B., on watching the index, said that he saw it descend to 6 1/2 lbs. The normal weight of the board as so suspended being 3 lbs., the additional downward pull was therefore 3 1/2 lbs. On looking immediately afterward at the automatic register, we saw that the index had at one time descended as low as 9 lbs., showing a maximum pull of 6 lbs.

In order to see whether it was possible to produce much effect on the spring balance by pressure at the place where Mr. Home's fingers had been, I stepped upon the table, and stood on one foot at the end of the board. Dr. A. B., who was observing the index of the balance, said that the whole weight of my body (140 lbs.) so applied only sunk the index 1 1/2 lbs., or 2 lbs., when I jerked up and down. Mr. Home had been sitting in a low easy-chair, and could not, therefore, have tried his utmost, have exerted any material influence on these results. I need scarcely add that his feet as well as his hands were closely watched by all in the room.

This experiment to me appears, if possible, more striking than the one with the accordion. As will be seen on referring to the cut (Fig. 3),

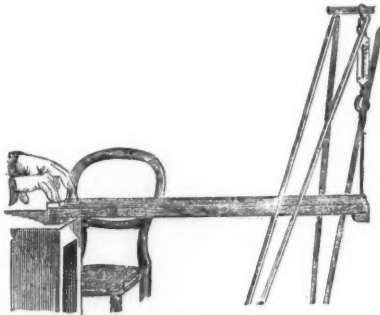


FIG. 3.

the board was arranged perfectly horizontally, and it was particularly noticed that Mr. Home's fingers were not at any time advanced more than 1 1/2 inches from the extreme end, as shown by a pencil-mark, which, with Dr. A. B.'s acquiescence, I made at the time. Now, the wooden foot being also 1 1/2 inches wide, and resting flat on the table, it is evident that no amount of pressure exerted within this space of 1 1/2 inches could produce any action on the balance. Again, it is also evident that when the end furthest from Mr. Home sank, the board would turn on the further edge of this foot as on a fulcrum. The arrangement was consequently that of a sec-saw, 36 inches in length, the fulcrum being 1 1/2 inches from one end. Were he, therefore, to have exerted a downward pressure, it would have been in opposition to the force which was causing the other end of the board to move down.

The slight downward pressure shown by the balance when I stood on the board was owing, probably, to my foot extending beyond this fulcrum.

I have now given a plain, unvarnished statement of the facts from copious notes written at the time the occurrences were taking place, and copied out in full immediately after. Indeed, it would be fatal to the object I have in view—that of urging the scientific investigation of these phenomena—were I to exaggerate ever so little; for although to my readers Dr. A. B. is at present represented by incorporeal initials, to me the letters represent a power in the scientific world that would certainly convict me if I were to prove an untrustworthy narrator.

I confess I am surprised and pained at the timidity or apathy shown by scientific men in reference to this subject. Some little time ago, when an opportunity was first presented to me of examining into the subject, I invited the co-operation of some scientific friends in a systematic investigation; but I soon found out that to obtain a scientific committee for the investigation of this class of facts was out of the question, and that I must be content to rely on my own endeavors, aided by the co-operation, from time to time, of the few scientific and learned friends who were willing to join in the inquiry. I still feel that it would be better were such a committee of known men to be formed, who would meet Mr. Home in a fair and unbiased manner, and I would gladly assist in its formation; but the difficulties in the way are great.

A committee of scientific men met Mr. Home, some months ago, at St. Petersburg. They had one meeting only, which was attended with negative results; and on the strength of this they published a report highly unfavorable to Mr. Home. The explanation of this failure, which is all they have accused him of, appears to me quite simple. Whatever the nature of Mr. Home's power, it is very variable, and at times entirely absent. It is obvious that the Russian experiment was tried when this force was at a minimum. The same thing has frequently happened within my own experience. A party of scientific men met Mr. Home at my house, and the results were as negative as those at St. Petersburg. Instead, however, of throwing up the inquiry, we patiently repeated the trial a second and a third time, when we met with results which were positive.

These conclusions have not been arrived at hastily or on insufficient evidence. Although space will allow only the publication of the details of one trial, it must be clearly understood that for some time past I have been making similar experiments and with like results. The meeting on the occasion here described was for the purpose of confirming previous observations by the application of crucial tests, with carefully arranged apparatus, and in the presence of irreproachable witnesses.

Respecting the cause of these phenomena, the nature of the force to which, to avoid periphrasis, I have ventured to give the name of *Psychic*, and the correlation existing between that and the other forces of nature, it would be wrong to hazard the most vague hypothesis. Indeed, in inquiries connected so intimately with rare physiological and psychological conditions, it is the duty of the inquirer to abstain altogether from framing theories until he has accumulated a sufficient number of facts to form a substantial basis upon which to reason. In the presence of strange phenomena as yet unexplored and unexplained following each other in such rapid succession, I confess it is difficult to avoid clothing their record in language of a sensational character. But to be successful, an inquiry of this kind must be undertaken by the philosopher without prejudice and without sentiment. Romantic and superstitious ideas should be entirely banished, and the steps of his investigation should be guided by intellect as cold and passionless as the instruments he uses. Having once satisfied himself that he is on the track of a new truth, that single object should animate him to pursue it, without regarding whether the facts which occur before his eyes are "naturally possible or impossible."

NEWS BREVITIES.

MINNESOTA is at work on ten railroads.

MISSOURI has an enormous grape crop this season.

SAVANNAH, Ga., occupies the second place as a cotton centre.

AN elm-tree on an Indiana farm has been burning since the 16th of March.

AN ostrich yields \$100 worth of feathers annually; a hen gives \$500 in eggs.

BOSTON estimates the value of its public-school property at about \$6,000,000.

THERE are 3,065 languages spoken in the world, counting Mr. Thomas Carlyle's as one.

A BOULEVARD around Utica is proposed. It will make a drive a trifle over eight miles in length.

ROCHESTER is to be connected by rail with Belvidere, Alleghany County, via Genesee Valley and Nunda, next month.

NEARLY 100,000 pounds of wool of this season's clip have been purchased by dealers in Dade County, Oregon.

THE reaping-machine is the "Juggernaut" of the West, twenty-seven persons having been mutilated by it in Iowa this season.

THE cost of the five large hotels in San Francisco is said to be \$4,000,000. Their annual receipts are reported at \$3,000,000.

THE Crown lands in Ireland produce £45,000 a year. The income in 1869 was £45,642, and the expenditure in Ireland £1,101, probably agents' fees.

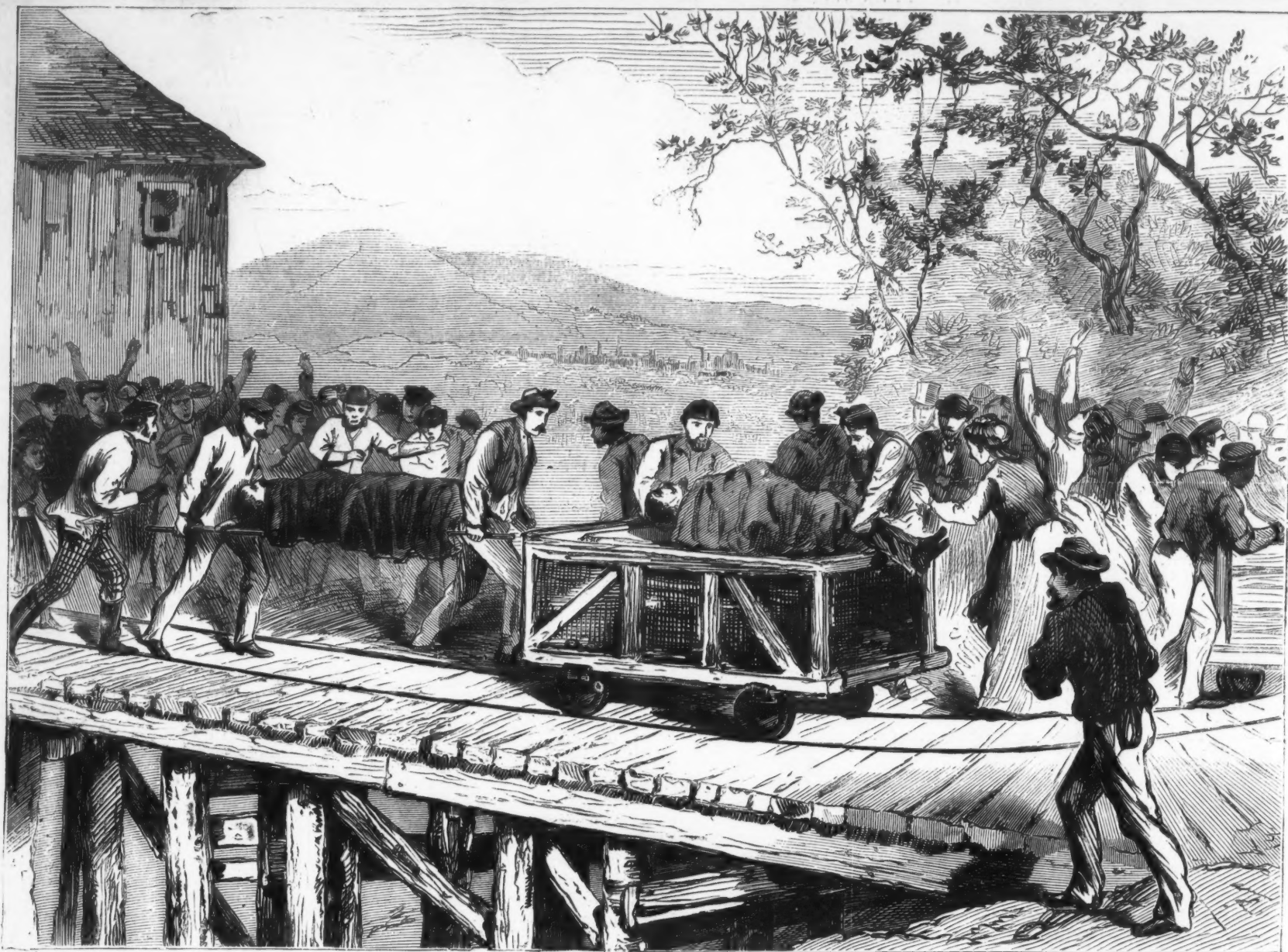
PENNSYLVANIA, according to the last census, produced in the last year 63,000,000 bushels of oats, 15,400,000 bushels of potatoes, and 18,000,000 bushels of wheat.

THOSE experimenting upon nitro-glycerine are liable (so says M. Champion, of Paris, its latest and most thorough investigator) to headaches, and very severe ones.

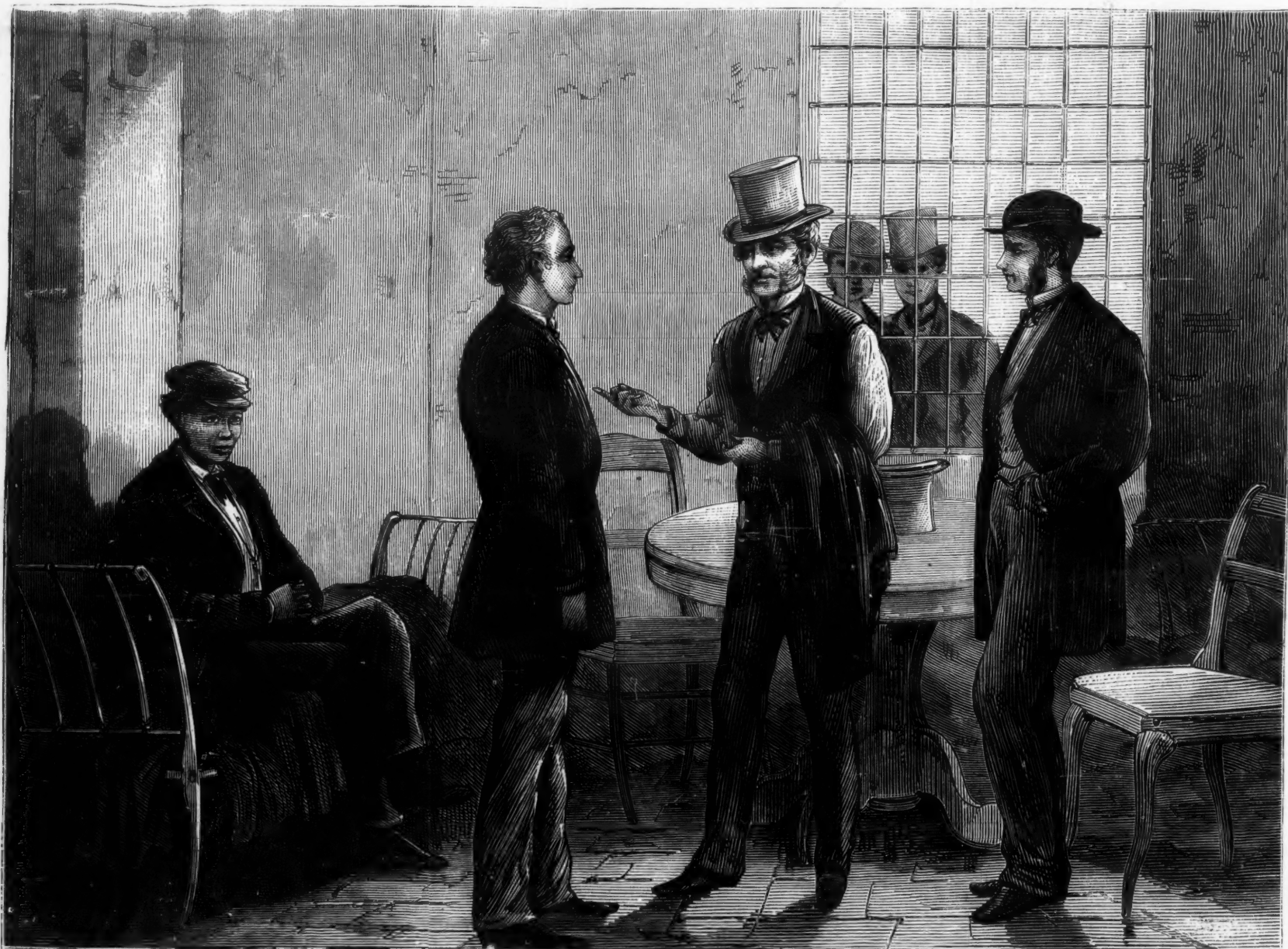
UNCLE SAM will pay \$300 for a million canceled postage-stamps, and the ladies of the Episcopal church in Chittenango are endeavoring to collect that amount in order to buy an organ. They have now nearly 20,000.

THE *Concordia* of Rome announces that in the excavations made in the Palace of Monte Clorio, with the object of completing the edifice destined for the Chamber of Deputies, there has been found a colossal torso in white marble, representing Hercules, with a lion's skin over the shoulder.

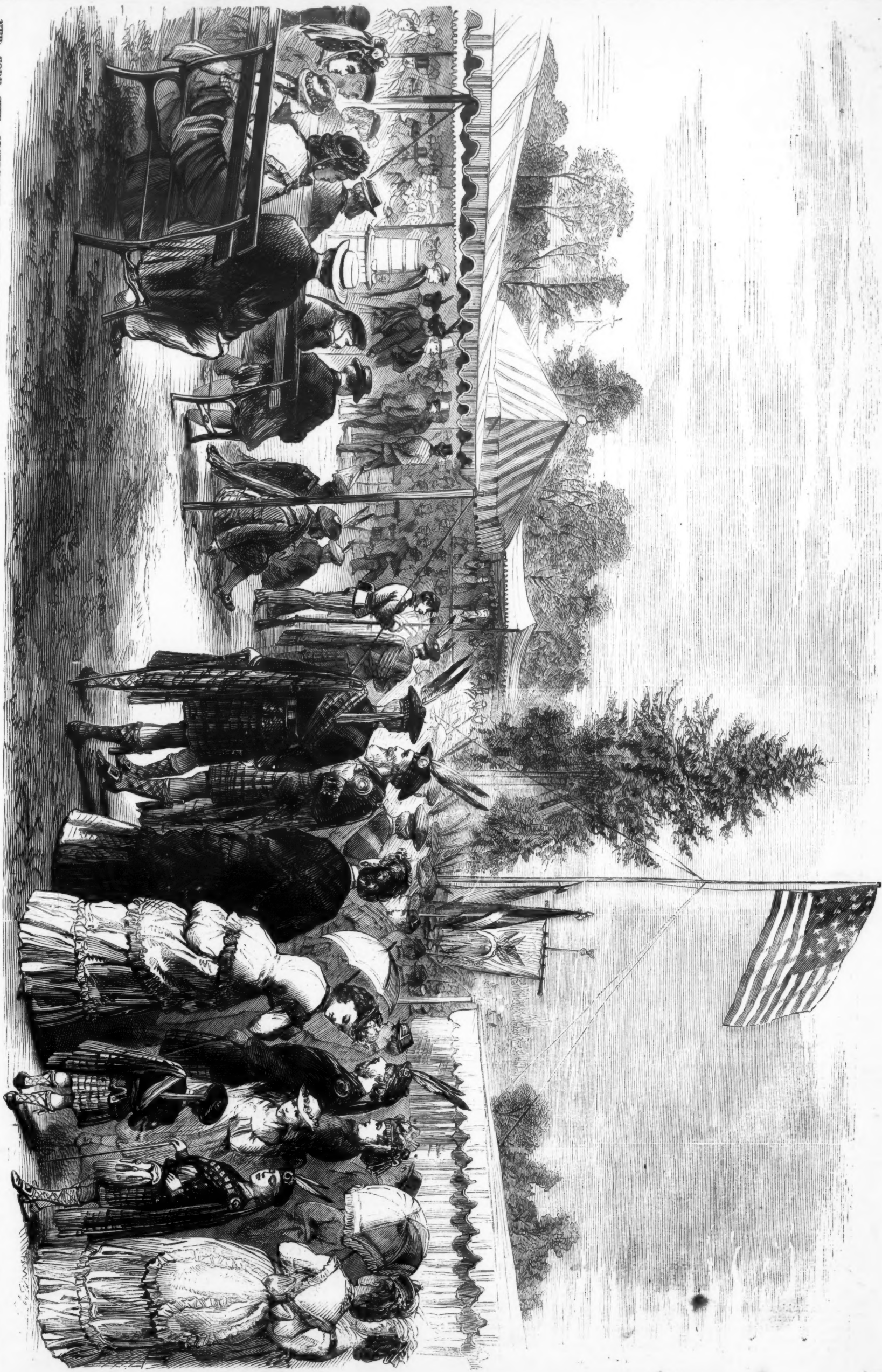
LIFE insurance policies are put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder in England, the buyer sometimes making and sometimes losing by the operation. Recently a policy of £23,000 on the life of a Liverpool merchant in his seventieth year was disposed of for £150. The merchant died two days afterward, and the purchaser realized in forty-eight hours \$15,000 out of £150.



PENNSYLVANIA.—SUFFOCATION OF A SCORE OF MEN AND BOYS IN THE EAGLE SHAFT, PITTSBURGH—BRINGING UP THE BODIES—FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KEETELS.—SEE PAGE 424.



NEW YORK CITY.—INVESTIGATION OF THE "WESTFIELD" DISASTER.—CAPTAIN JACOB H. VANDERBILT (PRESIDENT OF THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY COMPANY), JAMES W. BRAISTED (SUPERINTENDENT), AND HENRY ROBINSON (THE COLORED ENGINEER), IN THE TOMBS, ON THE COMMITTEE OF CORONER KEENAN, AUGUST 17TH.—SEE PAGE 426.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSERVANCE OF THE SCOTT CENTENARY. AUGUST 16th.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT AT CENTRAL PARK.—ADDRESS BY WILLIAM WOOD, ESQ.—See P. 423.

"WILL IT RAIN?"

WHAT folly to sing of the joys of Olympus,
Of nectar which dainties dapple at will!
A cozy retreat, where they tea and they
shrimp us,
To borrow from Moore, is "more exquisite
still."
Just think of the wrangles of Venus and Juno,
The blush of Diana when Cupid is pert,
The fuses when young Mercury loiters, and
you know
How Bacchus and Ganymede fight at dessert.
I will put the monotony out of the question,
And points of morality out in the cold;
Let them suffer, or not, from acute indigestion,
These gods who are lazy, and never grow
old.
But I still will maintain 'tis a grievous dis-
aster,
For Jupiter's not to bring pleasure or pain,
When the clerk of the weather approaching
his master,
Ejaculates, "Jupiter! say, will it rain?"
"Will it rain?" very simple for Jove to de-
cide on,
A point he may jeer at with insolent mirth;
A goddess but scanty apparel is tried on,
'Tis a different matter with fairies on earth.
"Does he love me or not?" asks the fanciful
maiden,
To daisies unfolding her heart and its pain;
With point as intense is the query o'erladen,
Which Jove must decide—"Will it rain?"
will it rain?"
Just picture a banquet *sub Jove* decided,
'Neath Rockaway rocks, or near Sulphur
Spring,
With maidens and chaperones nicely divided,
By men who can talk and by boys who
can sing.
Imagine the Mayonnaise cool, and the salad,
The tankard of claret, the cup of cham-
pagne!
The laughter! the love! the quotation of
ballad,
Say surly old Jupiter, then "Will it rain?"
Would cynical fellows despise the despairing
Of maize-covered Margaret, Carry in blue,
Of Alice in chintz, or of Isabel wearing
A tunic composed of a towel or two?
Who can listen, unmoved, to the merciless
patter,
Of drops on the leaves, or of hail on the
pane,
To the hope against hope, to the innocent
chatter
Of maidens awaiting the end of the rain?

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHO IS THIS WOMAN?

THE Albridge people had held very much aloof from the Maskleyne since that day of the rooks coming home. Guy had received a rebuff that even he felt, tough as his mental hide was, and thoroughly well cased as he was in the armor of an almost unbounded self-esteem. Still, it is needless to say that, though he had felt the rebuff at the time, he had quickly forgotten the very final air that it had.

He belonged to that order of men who try and try again for a thing they want, and so he determined that when the gloss of novelty was worn off Sir Edward Maskleyne, he (Guy Oliver) would calmly point out to the girl he wanted to make his wife that he was a far more fitting match for her, mentally, morally and socially, than was the young baronet.

But this night, this first night of Maud Mohan's visiting them in their own house, the Olivers were upon them, as ill-luck would have it. They had poured in their hordes in the afternoon—quite early in the afternoon, while the sun was out strongly, and "It was far too hot to try to be agreeable to any one," Gertrude said.

Accordingly, justified by her own saying, Gertrude had retired into some obscurely sacred nook where Olivers could not penetrate. And this conduct of hers made them all specially anxious that she should be brought low as soon as possible about the Colton Towers people.

"Giving herself airs of being fatigued by a few honest sunbeams!" Louisa Oliver remarked to her brother. "She has been broiling and frying up at Colton Towers all the morning; but directly we come she feels the heat. 'If I were you, Guy, I'd let her see—'"

"I thank you, Lou—I think I can manage without any hints from you."

"You managed so well that you got a refusal from her the last time we were here—I know you did," the amiable sister rejoined, with one of those contortions of countenance that are partly snarl and partly sneer, and that pass by the name of "meaning smiles" with the many who are not good at definitions.

Altogether, the Maskleyne ménage was not in good form for Maud Mohan's reception that evening. The Olivers had that fatal power of putting things just a little out of joint, which awkward or unkind-natured people are frequently gifted with.

Bessie Maskleyne, even sweet, gentle-hearted Bessie, was weary of them this day. They did contrast so sharply with the master of Colton Towers, and, indeed, with all the people who were sympathetic to them. They were so prominent, not for one second could one forget that they were there.

Lou and Guy especially—with that habit they

had of talking as if they thought they were talking well—were terribly hard to bear! There was no repose about them—not that they were pregnant with that kind of vitality which is infectious and in the atmosphere, of which one feels brighter and keener always; but they were full of what is not so much infectious as simply irritating. They were possessed by a spirit of restless inquiry—by a desire to know what other people were doing, and saying, and thinking; and what others, again, were feeling with regard to these deeds, and words, and thoughts.

They questioned Mrs. Maskleyne sharply as to what Lady Maskleyne "seemed to feel?" and "what she wore?" and "whether she seemed to like the idea of Miss Mohan coming down after her son or not?"

"She didn't confide any one of her sentiments on any one of these subjects to us," Mrs. Maskleyne said, shortly. "Her visit to Colton Towers had not been one of unadulterated pleasure, consequently she did not care to be cross-questioned about it."

"Ah! Then I suppose she's as stuck-up as ever?" Lou said, with an air of condolence that was extremely offensive to a woman who was striving as Mrs. Maskleyne was striving to force herself to feel that Lady Maskleyne and Lady Maskleyne's manners were matters of very little importance.

These and other little bickerings gave that air of want of harmony to the meeting which the most unobservant person cannot fail to perceive. And as it happened both Sir Edward Maskleyne and Maud were remarkably observant people, therefore as soon as they went in they felt that something was ruffling the social waters, that some cloud was obscuring the social sun. And the cause of the ruffling and the cloud was found at once by them in the Oliver family.

When they were out on the croquet-lawn at last, Gertrude did fondly hope that her Albridge cousins would let the stream of events ripple on without doing aught to turn or interrupt it.

"If they'll only just behave like other people," she thought; "if they'll only not be aggressively humble, or put on that odious air of taking it for granted that some one is trying to slight them, I shall almost like them, for they will be so unlike themselves!"

But the Olivers were true to themselves. When sides were being arranged, and Sir Edward, in a gorgeous access of toleration for one of Gertrude's kin said, "Miss Oliver, will you be with us?" Lou drew her flat, insignificant form up stiffly, and answered:

"Thank you; no! I don't aspire to so much honor. Pray leave me out."

"I hope you will play on my side, Gertrude?" Guy said, at once. "We always are together in croquet, and I see no reason why existing arrangements should be altered to please anybody."

"No one wants them altered, Guy," Gertrude spoke, petulantly, for she was in an agony. But she looked imploringly at Sir Edward, with an expression in her eyes that said plainly, "Don't judge me by appearances! Don't think that I am what these people make me seem!"

Miss Mohan looked on at this by-play. She was engaged, apparently, in conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Maskleyne; but not a light or shadow flitted across one of the young faces around her without her being fully alive to it.

"That sandy-headed young man, who seems inclined to do battle with windmills in defense of the sentiment that

'A man's a man for a' that,'

is in love with the beautiful Gertrude; and she is very naturally 'shamed through all her nature,' at being loved by anything so inferior to the genuine metal, the ring of which she has learnt to know since Colton Towers has been re-inhabited. Poor Edward! with all his refinement, how he will hate the Oliver branch! But the girl herself will grace any position."

Some requirement of the game carried Gertrude to the extreme end of the lawn, and as she was stooping with her back to the company, she heard a man's quick step behind her. She looked round with a bright, happy, tell-tale blush, and her face fell as she saw only Guy Oliver.

"I've come to see if I can help you, Gerty," he said.

"No, you can't in the least; do go back to your own ball, Guy."

"I hardly expected to see Sir Edward Maskleyne here to-night, unremitting as I know him to be in his attention to you all."

"Didn't you?" she said, carelessly, baffling him for a moment by refraining from the feminine "Why not?"

"No, I certainly didn't expect to see him to-night, for this morning I saw him twenty miles from here, and he seemed to be settled for the day."

"I don't care to hear where you saw him, or what you thought, or—anything about it," Gertrude said, decidedly. "I hate gossip and tittle-tattle, and twaddling talk about all the unimportant things that all our friends and acquaintances do." Then she gave her ball a sharp rap back in the direction of the hoops, and followed it promptly.

"She shall hear it—for her impertinence she shall hear it in a way that will forbid her to doubt the truth of it. I'll speak to that stuck-up fellow before her," Mr. Guy said to himself, savagely. And then he had an additional incentive to carrying out his intention in the spectacle of Sir Edward and Gertrude sauntering a little apart from the others, she with her face bent down, and he inclining his head toward her as he talked, in the way a man does incline his head when the woman he is addressing is fair and young and lovely.

"Gertrude," he was saying, "I hope Miss Mohan and you will get on well, because she is a great favorite of my mother's, and has great influence with her."

"She's so splendid, that if she'll permit me to get on with her, I shall be glad to do it," Gertrude was answering as cheerfully as a little pang of jealousy would permit her to answer, when Guy ranged up to them and began:

"I was just saying to my cousin Gerty that I hardly expected to see you here to-night."

"Indeed?" Sir Edward said, coolly. "Now, Gertrude; I have your promise, then?"

Smarting with the sense that he was being ignored by means of this quiet resumption of the topic they had been discussing before he joined them, Guy went on more rashly than he had designed doing when he began:

"An uncommonly pretty house, and an uncommonly pretty woman, too; I quite envied you when I saw her run out with the little child to meet you—"

He paused abruptly, for Sir Edward had turned to him with such concentrated rage in his face that Guy did not care to provoke it further.

"Silence! you meant your remark as an insult, and I receive it as one—the grossest, coarsest one you could have uttered by implication; and, in saying it before my cousin Gertrude, you have even more grossly insulted her!"

Gertrude, with a face grown very white, now broke in here: "Oh! pray, pray don't think of me—I mean—Guy didn't intend to, and really—"

"Really I didn't know that it was anything secret," Guy said, with his most insufferable air, and then Sir Edward knew that he had made a mistake, and that, by reason of his heat, Guy could score one against him.

"Secret is a word that I object to hear used in connection with this subject," he said. "A thing is not necessarily a secret because it is not confided to—every prying person in a neighborhood." And then Sir Edward went on with the game, with the comfortable feeling that he had wiped out the score.

Something else was wiped off, too, during this brief conversation, and that was the gloss and glory that had been over all things of late for Gertrude. "Who is this woman?"—that was the question that would keep on asking itself in spite of her earnest, sorrowful attempts to banish it from her mind. "Who is this pretty woman in a pretty house, who runs out with a little child to meet him when he has ridden twenty miles to see her? Who is this woman who may not be named? Better a thousand times that she should have an honest love for Maud Mohan than that this thing should be."

"How badly we are all playing," Bessie said at last; "shall we give it up and go in?" "We'll give up playing, but don't let us go in," Gertrude said, hurriedly. Her face told fewer tales under the moonbeams than it would in the lamp-lighted room.

"You shall have some wine and fruit sent out here presently," Mrs. Maskleyne suggested; "that is, if Miss Mohan prefers the garden to the house."

"Unfortunately it is time for me to be going home. Lady Maskleyne is alone, you know," Maud said, hesitatingly. She had not made the headway toward an intimacy with Gertrude which she had contemplated making when she proposed coming. And now that the excitement of doing a thing that was unconventional, and opposed to Lady Maskleyne's ideas of what was right, was over, she felt unaccountably depressed and repentant about the position.

"Edward never goes so early as this," Bessie said, unconcernedly. Bessie had nothing but the commonest cousinly interest in Sir Edward, and could speak of him as it was given no longer to Gertrude to be able to speak. "Edward never goes so early as this," Miss Maskleyne said, in most ordinary tones, and Maud quickly rejoined:

"I will not take him to-night. Will you allow a servant to go home with me?" "Certainly not!" Sir Edward said, promptly.

"I am your sworn vassal for—"

"This night only," the girl interrupted, laughingly. "Come, then. I lay my commands upon you to try and persuade your cousins to walk part of the way with us this lovely night. It's half the fun of country life, I think, these impromptu walks and visits! Will you come?"

She had appealed to the company generally, in the first part of her speech, but the last direct request was made to Gertrude, and Gertrude did not know what she wished to do. While she was hesitating, she glanced at her cousin Edward, and she saw his lips form the word "Come," though no sound issued from them.

"Shall we get our shawls, Bessie?" she said, confusedly, turning toward the house.

"As Miss Mohan wishes it, we may as well—all of us."

So presently there issued forth a bright young group into the moonlit street—the Olivers and Charles Roper and Bessie leading the way, Gertrude and Maud following with Sir Edward.

Suddenly, when they turned out of the high road into the private way, Miss Mohan took her hand from Sir Edward's arm and ran on to join the others.

"I want to make a plan with your sister for to-morrow," she said, in explanation. And then she was off, and Sir Edward and Gertrude were alone.

"Gertrude," he began at once, "you're not angry with me for the way I spoke just now?"

"Angry! Oh, no."

"When you say 'Oh, no,' in that tone, I know that you are angry."

"I assure you I am not," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "I was annoyed at the moment with Guy. He has such horribly bad taste! That was all."

"I must confess I felt inclined to wring his neck for an instant!" Sir Edward muttered. "But it's over now, and we'll think no more about it, will we?"

"No," she murmured.

She had so hoped, so prayed that he would explain the mystery, and now he was quietly

turning away from the contemplation of it, just as though it was of no moment to her—not, of course, that it was of any real importance to her, whom he went to see! but anything like a mystery about a woman is painful and dubious. That was all.

After a very brief pause, he resumed the conversation, seemingly with an effort.

"If that fellow begins upon the subject again to you, Gertrude, I hope you will snub him."

"I hate the subject—I mean I hate to hear about it," Gertrude said, passionately.

"You don't distrust me, do you?" he whispered.

"Distrust you! of course not. We are great friends; but it's not in our bond that we tell each other wherever we go, or whatever we do."

"Gertrude, you're speaking more lightly than you feel. I would give much to tell you everything; but there are some things a man cannot tell to a girl—some things that he cannot in honor tell to any one. All I can say to you is, that you will wrong me very much if you do distrust me. Let it be in our bond that we have perfect faith in one another."

There was mingled much blither with the sweetness of the speech.

Afterward, in turning it over in her mind, when he was not near, the flavor of the bitter greatly preponderated; but just now, while her hand was being subject to the gentle pressure of his arm, while she was under the influence of his tender, truthful voice, she only tasted the sweetness of it.

"Oh, Edward!" she said, warmly, "how good and patient of you to speak in that way, when I have been so disagreeable. That's Guy Oliver's fault again. That family always have the effect of developing all that's bad in my disposition. They're halting now. I suppose Bessie thinks it is time to turn back."

"Then I'll say my 'good-night' to you here, dear Gerty!" he said, laying his hand over hers as he spoke.

And his words and the action had such an effect on her, that Guy, staring at her bright, happy face as she came up, thought, "The fellow must have proposed!"

Then they parted, Sir Edward and Maud going on to Colton Towers, and all the others returning to Trevorton; and in spite of the greater interest that there was attached to the fair unknown—the pretty woman whom Edward had ridden twenty miles to see—Gertrude could not help feeling rather keen as to the possibilities that there were for that pair who had gone on in that solitary walk.

If Gertrude, just awakening to a something—Gertrude just coming into her sex's inheritance of fearing and suffering, of loving and doubting, could have been an unseen accompaniment to that pair, this is what she would have heard and seen:

"Take my arm, Miss Mohan."

"No, thanks—I have my dress to carry. What nice people your relations are, Sir Edward! The girls are as charming as they ought to be with such a charming mother. I am going out riding with them to-morrow."

"Maud, you're an awfully good-natured girl!" he said, with some emotion. And then he offered her his arm again; and this time she did not refuse it.

"I shall be grateful to you all the days of my life for doing your sweet endeavors to narrow the gap that has been between the two families for so long a time. My mother loves you so, that she will be influenced by you unconsciously."

"Your mother will never like them," she said, firmly, "so you have nothing to thank me for on that score. And as for the other part of it, I am only obeying my instincts in showing my disposition to be friendly with such nice people. Besides"—here she half turned and looked up searchingly into his face—"I want to be as friendly with the future Lady Maskleyne as I am with the present one."

He was a young and ardent man, and the girl who thus spoke to him was a very lovely one. There was a pause of a moment or two after that speech of hers, and during that pause his eyes fed upon her face.

"Maud," he said, in a low voice, "don't you make any mistake—I cannot afford that. My sweet, generous-hearted friend, regard them as my sisters, and you will regard them properly."

He pulled himself up here, feeling that he was not speaking in all sincerity and truth. He did not regard Gertrude as a sister, but just at the present moment he regarded Maud Mohan as very much more than a friend. Taken in conjunction with the situation, she was too much for any man, the generous darling! In short, he had an impulse toward her that carried him away. Her slender, pretty hand, resting confidently on his arm, was suddenly seized firmly and kissed warmly; and as he kissed her hand, his free arm went round her waist; and she had been fond of him so long, that for a moment she suffered the embrace. Only for a moment, then she quietly released herself, and said:

"Pastorals are all very well when they're published; but I'll ask you to express your gratitude for my common civility in some other place. Come, Sir Edward, don't look sentimental; you know you don't feel it about me."

And in her heart of hearts, though she spoke brightly and blithely, this girl was very sad and disappointed. She had meant to do bravely and well by them all this night, and her kindness and candor and generosity were all turned to her own confusion by that uncontrollable impulse. "What right had he to kiss the hand he has not asked for? What right had he to mean for a moment the love he has been looking at Gertrude all the night?" These were the questions that shot through her mind as she calmly recalled him to himself. And simultaneously the poor fellow was reproaching himself, not with having been wanting toward Maud, but with having fallen short of paying what fidelity was due in her absence to Gertrude.

"I couldn't help thanking you as I would have done a sister," he said presently, as they neared the house, and Lady Maskelyne welcomed them from an open window. And Maud said, just a little sarcastically—with that tiny touch of sarcasm which a woman does bring to bear upon a man she loves, and which only flatters him:

"If you add to your stock of sisters at this rate, you'll exhaust your supply of fraternal affection surely, won't you? and it will be awkward if you do that before you've made up your mind that it will be wise and well to indulge in any other sort. No, Lady Maskelyne, I'm not a bit tired, thanks, and I am delighted that I went; your nieces are charming."

"And so are you," her escort whispered, as she pulled her hand through the arm that he was pressing very close to his side—"too charming for any man to care to claim for a sister in reality, only that relationship is such a capital ladder when one would climb to the heights."

"You need no ladder," she said, hurriedly, and then she ran in, bitterly reproaching herself with having been too truthful. "I am a fool, and I won't stay here long," she said to herself; "for if he only feels tenderness, I shall feel it; and his heart is Gertrude's, though his head controls him just at present."

Meantime the others had walked back to Trevorton, Guy by Gertrude's side. She had not sought to avoid the honor that was thrust upon her, for she knew that it would be only deferring the evil hour; and just now she was strong to bear much, by reason of those last words of Edward's.

"Well, Guy," she commenced, "what do you think of the beautiful Miss Mohan?"

"She's not my style," he said, carelessly.

"The lady who mustn't be mentioned is something like a pretty woman. Your fine gentleman wants to keep his friendships quite apart, it seems."

"Really, Guy, I don't care to hear your surmises," she said, coldly.

"They're not mine, they're everybody's," he said, roughly; "and don't be nonsensical, Gerty. I don't want to say anything against her character, or his either, only you shall not be kept in the dark. Since he came back to Colton Towers, a pretty woman and a little child have come to live in a little house just out of Haddingham. He'd have been wiser to choose some other spot than the market-town."

"How dare you, Guy?" she said, shivering with rage and fear. "Saying such things to me!"

"I only tell you what he does. If the one is so bad, what is the other? But you have none but soft looks for him, and none but hard ones for me. I'm your cousin as much as he is, and I'm more, too—I'm your honest lover, and that's more than he is."

In her agitation and anger, she had walked on very fast, and now she found herself and Guy far ahead of the others.

"I don't want to hear anything of that kind from you," she said, coldly.

"You'll be glad to hear it some day," and his words sounded like a prophecy. A stifled sob from her testified to the strength of her anger and sorrow. "Don't cry, Gerty," he said, with odious forbearance. "I am a patient man, and when you want to hear it, you shall hear it. Patience is a grand quality—to the man who waits, everything comes."

How she hated him and his axioms!

"TAI-WAN"—FORMOSA.

By EDWARD GREY (SUNG-TIE).

IN connection with our present difficulty with the Coreans, everything relating to the "Far East" has a special value in our eyes, and a description of Formosa, "The Beautiful Island" of the Portuguese, will probably be interesting.

Formosa, called by the Chinese Tai-wan, "The Great Bay," is one of the largest islands in the Tung-hai, or "Eastern Sea," and is to China what Sicily was to Rome. It is situated between 20° and 26° North Latitude, and 120° and 122° East Longitude, and is separated from the mainland of China by the Formosa Channel, which is about eighty to a hundred miles in width. The whole of the Eastern seaboard, from Slam to the Corea, is fringed with such islands, and while all of the larger ones are remarkable for their picturesque beauty, Formosa is justly the most celebrated. The general direction of the island is from N.E. to S.W., and it is intersected by a range of lofty mountains, which run in the same direction as the island.

The Chinese claim to have discovered Formosa in A. D. 1430; and state that this discovery was due to a shipwreck. It is somewhat a puzzle to understand how they can claim the discovery of an island, the mountains of which can be seen clearly from the coast of China upon any bright day, and there is little doubt that the aborigines who were found upon the island by the first Chinese settlers, were the descendants of the crews of Malay prows, which had been wrecked upon the iron-bound coast. These prows generally carry women cooks, and this will account for the striking resemblance between the aborigines of Formosa and the people of the "Straits." It is a singular fact that the features of the Malays, the aborigines of Formosa, and the "Black Fellows" of Australia are almost identical; while all of them possess the same savage disposition and warlike habits.

In 1620, the Japanese attempted to form a colony on the island, but they were "crowded out" by the Chinese who swarmed over from the mainland. There was a great political change going on in China about that time, and the dissatisfied gentry fled from their country to Formosa, where they formed a very stubborn "opposition party" to the Tartar government. In 1634, the Dutch attempted to take possession of the island, and they built many strong forts

which remain to-day; but after struggling against the Chinese for twenty-seven years, they were finally driven away by the Fu-Kien pirates under the leadership of Kok-sin-ga (or Kosinga), who made very short work with the Hollanders. This chief was afterward styled by foreigners the "King of Formosa." He was a pure Chinese, and hated the Tartars as fiercely as he did the Dutch. Kok-sin-ga was succeeded by his son, who carried on the style of warfare inaugurated by his father, and harassed the Tartars on the coast from Amoy to the Yang-tz-keang. He did not, however, inherit some of his father's views, for in A. D. 1692 he sold the island of Formosa to the Emperor of China for a title and pension, and it is only from that time that the island may really be said to have been part of the great Chinese empire.

After the expulsion of the Dutch, the Chinese turned their attention to the extermination of the aborigines, who being a brave race, fought with great desperation. Overcome by numbers, a great many took to the mountains, from whence they waged a fierce war against their enemies. Those of the aborigines who were taken prisoners or remained with the Chinese were treated with the greatest severity, ostensibly because they had been on friendly terms with the Dutch. The latter must have made a great impression upon the natives, as even to this day traces of their teaching are to be found among them.

The Chinese may be said to govern the island, as they hold and cultivate all the level portions and now generally live at peace with the natives; but there are immense tracts of mountain-land which are still held by the aborigines, and in these places no Chinaman dares set his foot. The population of Formosa is estimated at about three millions, nearly one-fourth of whom are natives. Of late years, since the development of the tea trade, many foreigners have settled here, and we now have our representatives in the four ports open to foreign trade. These "free ports" are all situated on the western coast, viz., Tam-sin and Kee-lung on the north, and Tai-wan and Ta-kow on the south.

The chief productions of Formosa are rice, tea, sulphur, jute, hemp, grass-cloth fibre, rice-paper pith, ratans, barley, wheat, camphor-wood and gum, tumeric and salt.

Ta-kow and Tai-wan-joo may be said to divide the Southern trade between them, as during the N.E. monsoons the latter place is the only safe port on the S.E. side of the island; but during the S.W. monsoons all the junks and foreign ships clear for Ta-kow, and travelers for Tai-wan-joo land at the former place, and proceed to their destination in sedan-chairs or on horseback. The roads are bad, and this style of traveling rough, but it seems to suit the Formosians.

The most noticeable thing upon arrival off the harbor of Ta-kow is the peculiar shape of the surf-boats, or catamarans, which are simply tubs mounted on bamboo rafts and propelled by the ordinary Chinese paddle, or fitted with a clumsy lateen-sail. The natives literally "go to sea in a tub;" but these catamarans are doubtless the safest and cheapest life-boats in the world. So low are they, that at first glance the people in them appear to be sitting in the water, as every wave-crest breaks over and drenches them. It is seldom that they are upset, probably never when only freighted with natives.

The view of Ta-kow from the sea is not a lovely one, and the only point of interest being a curious rock, an engraving of which will be found on the next page of this paper. It is called

"TAI-FUNG-LUNG," or APE'S HILL,

and is situated on the left side of Ta-kow Harbor. It is about 1,200 feet in height. On the right of the harbor is a smaller rock, called by foreigners the Saracen's Head. Ape's Hill is composed of friable limestone, and a more sterile rock cannot be imagined. Its only vegetation consists of some stunted bushes, and scarcely a blade of grass can be found upon it. The Chinese say that, many years ago, there was no harbor here; but, during a terrific thunderstorm, the great rock, which now stands on the left of the harbor, suddenly burst into flame and split—one portion remains, and is the Ape's Hill of our illustration; the other part reeled and toppled for some time, but finally fell over to the right, when the waters of the sea rushed in between the rocks, and washed out what is now called Ta-kow Bay. There is probably some truth in this legend, as the formation of the whole island is volcanic. No one who has climbed Ape's Hill will forget its peculiarly pungent dust, for the limestone of which the rock is composed is seldom found in very large masses, and it looks as if it had been violently shaken at some time and cracked all over. The interior is filled with fine limestone dust, which, borne upon the breeze, enters nose, ears, mouth and eyes, and makes the traveler feel anything but comfortable.

The town of Ta-kow is on the Saracen's Head Hill side of the harbor, and is a dirty, uninteresting little place, noticeable only for its luxuriant banyan trees.

At the foot of Ape's Hill are one or two buildings. That seen in the illustration is the residence of a European. From this place, extending for nearly a mile down to the sandbar, there is a straggling fishing-village, the inhabitants of which are good-natured people enough, but are strongly suspected of piratical tendencies. The road passing the foot of the hill is raised above high-water mark, and is probably one of the best in the island. It is built of limestone blocks, and but for the dust would be an excellent drive; however, in spite of the latter drawback, the European residents take their exercise there with solid perseverance, and if they do not obtain an appetite for their meals, the dust provokes a thirst which gives them an excuse for "driving another nail in their coffin"—i. e., for drinking an extra

soda-and-brandy—the too free indulgence in this beverage having doubtless often produced the before-named result.

The view from Ape's Hill is magnificent, and any one who is partial to sulphur-water can drink his fill in more than one spot. Like most places of the kind, these springs have a most horrible perfume, and the rock from which they trickle is black and fetid, and nothing green grows near them. The Formosians do not use the waters of these springs, which they say are poisonous, and it was much to their horror that our surgeon drank several glasses of particularly nasty water at the first spring we discovered. It was exceedingly amusing to watch the native guides after this, they evidently expecting that the doctor would have some sort of a fit, and they rattled away in their *patois*, half of which was quite unintelligible to me, as they use a profusion of Malayan words, which they jumble up with their peculiar species of Chinese in a most bewildering fashion.

After some time had elapsed, one of the Indians, finding that the doctor "still lived," ventured to taste the water. He was very cautious, and did not drink much, although encouraged to do so by his companions upon the same principle as American boys will dare each other to do what they think is a risky act. The experimentalist, who was a good-humored youth about sixteen years of age, did not seem to be particularly anxious to "repeat the dose;" but the "chaff" of his comrades proved too much for him, and he gulped down another glass, upon which the rest of them declared that he was poisoned. I have never seen such an expression of comical determination upon a Celestial's face before or since. He tried to appear quite indifferent, and even joked in reply to the repeated assertions of his friends that he would soon "salute Heaven." He was very brave for about an hour, when he suddenly announced that he was "going to die," and became violently ill. In vain did our doctor try to reason with his companions; they all of them accused us of poisoning him; and knowing how little a matter had often caused the natives to attack foreigners, I was particularly anxious that his friends should not leave him and spread the report in the village before we arrived. After some trouble, I managed to prevail upon them to remain with him. Oh, how bad that heathen was!—he would not be comforted. We gave him brandy, and the doctor said he was only frightened. No, he was "dying fast," he replied. However, after a time he got over his fright, and, stimulated by the brandy with which we had so freely dosed him, became very brave, offering to drink any quantity of the water for a wager. Either his friends had no available funds, or were afraid to allow him to repeat the experiment, for no one took up his challenge. Upon our arrival at the foot of Ape's Hill, the party left us, before doing which they all "kow-towed" to the doctor. As we left the shore, the mists were beginning to gather upon the peak of Tai-fung-lung, and by the time we reached the ship, darkness had settled upon the island of Tai-wan.

THE SCOTT CENTENNIAL.

THE centennial of the birth of Walter Scott was celebrated here on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 15th, by the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to the great novelist in Central Park. The monument is to be erected to the left of the Terrace, just beyond the Mall, and will be a duplicate of that in Edinburgh. It was represented in our last issue, from an autograph drawing by John Steel, Esq., the Scottish artist, and is being cast in Scotland.

At two o'clock precisely the procession was formed. The Seventy-ninth Regiment was on the right. In the centre were friends and invited guests of the Caledonia Club, and on the left the Caledonians. Robertson's band and nine bagpipes preceded the procession. The line of march was through Sullivan and Houston Streets to Broadway, thence to Twenty-third Street, and up Fifth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street; thence to Fourth Avenue, where the cars were taken to the Park. At the Casino in the Park, the members of St. Andrew's Society assembled at three o'clock, and were in readiness to join the Caledonians. Delegations from the Caledonian Club of Jersey City, and also from Hoboken, helped to swell the ranks; and when the terminus of the march was reached, an imposing array of Scotchmen in kilts and feathers was presented. On the site of the proposed monument drawings had been erected. The temporary derrick supporting the corner-stone was completely covered with branches of hemlock, so that no part of the beams was visible. A large stand was erected for the speakers.

The exercises were inaugurated with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. John Thomson. Richard Irvin, President of the Scott Centenary Committee, then delivered the introductory address. William Wood followed in a biographical notice.

This done, Mr. Irvin approached the derrick, followed by Mayor Hall. Mr. Irvin carried in his hand a silver trowel, and one of the Caledonians bore a large box, to be placed beneath the stone. In the box were copies of all the New York papers of the day, specimens of all the American coins, and a copy each of the Constitution and By-laws of the Caledonia Club and St. Andrew's Society. The stone was lowered to its place, and Mr. Irvin touched it gently with his trowel, after which the Mayor made a short speech. The band played "Dinna ye Hear the Slogan?" and the ceremonies were completed.

The day was observed likewise in Great Britain and her dependencies, as well as in the principal cities of America. In Philadelphia, at a meeting collected for the practical purpose of providing for a Scott monument, the chairman, Mr. John Gibson, announced that measures had been taken to insure the erection of a Scott statue in Fairmount Park.

SHRINES OF SCOTT.

The ceremonies of the Centenary Festival, recalling to our minds the life and personality of Scott, give renewed interest to the haunts consecrated by his presence, several of which we present on page 425. Abbotsford, the beautiful monument of his taste and antiquarian study, forms one of these vignettes. It belongs at the present time to Mr. Hope Scott, widower of Sir Walter's grandchild, whose mother, Mrs. Lockhart, was Scott's daughter. Another view presents the author's last and "narrow house"—his tomb, amid the romantic ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. Besides, we give several interior views of the seat at Abbotsford, as the library; the hall, filled with feudal armor and relics; the view of his bedroom; and the entrance-gateway. His town-house, No. 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh, is also represented. The same page contains a view of the Scott monument in the market-place of Selkirk, which is not far from Melrose and Abbotsford. The other and finer monument, that in Prince's Street, at Edinburgh, is of especial interest in this country, because the statue it enshrines is the one to be reduplicated for Central Park, N. Y. The building is an open Gothic canopy, sheltering a sitting marble figure of the poet—the same which we represented last week. The American copy will be in bronze. The operation of taking the mould in plaster is now going on, under the superintendence of Mr. John Steel, F.S.A., the artist, who is commissioned to repeat his work in bronze for our Park. The original statue was set up in 1846. Some portion of the fund raised by the admissions to the late Centenary in Britain will be applied to further adorning this Edinburgh monument with supplementary sculpture.

The various views mentioned above are arranged on our illustrated page in such a manner as to surround and environ a portrait of the Wizard of the North. This is engraved from the finest extant likeness, the large painting by Sir John Watson Gordon, of Edinburgh, the best portraitist of Sir Walter's day. The poet is represented as if resting during one of his long pedestrian tramps, his hands crossed upon his stick, his grand old forehead bared to the breeze that whistles across the heather, and his faithful companion Malda by his side.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CHARLES FECHTER lies seriously ill with an affection of the throat.

MR. JOHN JACK took a benefit in this city last Saturday, appearing as *Faust*.

MRS. GENERAL LANDER OWENS even beautifully situated and appointed marine villas at Swampscott.

THE Winter Season opened with "Elfie," last Monday week, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

FOUR of Boston's theatres opened on Monday week: St. James, the Museum, the Howard Athenaeum, and Boston Theatre.

MISS KATE FIELD has written from the Continent, canceling all her engagements for next Winter's lecture season, on account of domestic bereavement.

THE Lydia Thompson Troupe opened their gambols at Wallack's on the 16th inst., instead of the 14th, two days having been taken up by rehearsals. The burlesque of "Blue Beard" was the attraction.

LOTTA, at Booth's, is winning the delight of the multitude, and conquering the charity of the most exact critics, in her lively personation of "The Marchioness" and "Little Nell." It is legitimately complained, however, that she shows no feeling for the genius and conception of Dickens.

OLE BULL will, undoubtedly, be hindered by his illness, of which news was published recently, from making a concert tour, which he proposed to undertake this Autumn, with the management of Mr. Thomas Turnbull. All lovers of the noble old master's kind face and inspired violin will join in the hope that his health will soon return.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE is spending the Summer in Dutchess County, where she has created quite an excitement by her eloquent speeches at several large public meetings, and has been invited to lecture in many of the principal towns. Her style is so winning and yet so earnest, her culture so admirable, that she commands the attention of large audiences.

SERENADE TO BARILL.—Signor Antonio Barilli, the distinguished lyric artist and half-brother of Carlotta and Adelina Patti, is spending a season in Syracuse, the guest of George H. Ellis, the proprietor of the extensive music-store in Power's Block. Hadley's Band, desiring to pay a tribute of respect to a gentleman distinguished in the musical world, repaired, last week, to the residence of Mr. Ellis and gave him a serenade. Barilli was much pleased by the compliment, and expressed his delight with the music. Mr. Ellis threw open his doors and entertained the party who came to do honor to his guest.

BARNUM'S grand combination is having a Saturnalian success in Maine. A letter says: "When they reached Waterville, a scene occurred which has never been equaled in this or any other country. The village was crowded with people who had come from the surrounding parts, many of them traveling a distance of seventy-five miles, and all the morning crowds were pouring in from every point of the compass in carriages, wagons, ox-carts, and on foot. Near the circus tents, in an adjoining field, were several large tents pitched, which had served to shelter the people the previous night who had come long distances and encamped there. The authorities of the village had taken the precaution to stop the sale of all spirituous liquors during that day, and had caused barrels of water and plenty of ice to be placed at the street corners, for the free use of all. Carts were provided at the expense of the village to constantly replenish the barrels. The early morning performance was commenced, and it was much pleased that they could not accommodate a tithe part of their patrons, and ere its close an excursion train of twenty-seven cars, crowded in every part, came in from Bangor, closely followed by another of seventeen cars from Belfast. Seeing this vast accession to the already large numbers of visitors, the manager was somewhat puzzled how to accommodate them. Finally, it was decided to give a continuous exhibition, giving an act in the circus department every few moments. This style of performance was kept up without cessation until nine o'clock in the evening, when a heavy shower of rain falling, afforded the manager an excuse to close the exhibitions. The men and horses were completely exhausted, and their next drive being forty-eight miles to Lewiston, where they were to exhibit three times, they shipped all the ring-horses by railroad, to give them an opportunity for much needed rest."



WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—VIEW OF KALAMA, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, THE PRESENT WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY EDMUND T. COLEMAN.

NORTHERN-PACIFIC RAILROAD TERMINUS AT KALAMA.

LAST week we represented the Giant of Roads—the North Pacific—leaping the Mississippi at Brainerd, in Minnesota. To-day we offer, as an earnest of the far penetration of the enterprise into the depths of the West, its present terminus on the banks of the Columbia River. The “city” itself is a good specimen of the hemlock-scented metropolis that are starting like magic all along the projected lines of travel through the Territories, and which, clothed as yet in boards but unappeasably ambitious, lift a bold front to the universe, and expect to out-watch the downfall of Chicago, New York and London—unless haply some mischievous fire shall come and sweep them away in a night. This proud town of Kalama, where speculators are holding on with a wild clutch to “corner lots,” a few months ago was an improved farm on the banks of the Columbia, at a point between the mouth of the Willamette and the Cowlitz, and near the great bend where the stream, turning from a northward course, due west, flows into Astoria Bay.

A small island lies in front of the town, and the location was selected because of the deep water at the shore, enabling sea-going vessels to anchor at all times at the wharves the railroad company had built there, the said island protecting the harbor. We have seen a tri-weekly paper published there, with a goodly number of advertisements, and we understand the new city is growing quite rapidly. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company is building its first twenty-five miles, commencing at this point, running down the Columbia which here points to the northward, and then up the Cowlitz to Puget Sound—the whole twenty-five miles running in a northerly direction. Further portions of this road running north will be put under contract probably next Winter and Spring, so that Kalama promises to be an immediately growing centre. As there is water communication between Kalama and Portland, it was deemed best to start the Northern Pacific Road at a point where it would be most useful, and not have the competition of the water. Ultimately the road from Duluth will pass through Portland down the Willamette and Columbia through

Kalama to Puget Sound, with a branch from Puget Sound eastwardly, probably joining the main road at the mouth of the Yellowstone. The first settlers emigrated hither in the Fall of 1870, less than a year ago. There are now in the town of Kalama about six hundred fami-

lies. Three churches, two hotels, a semi-weekly paper and a tri-weekly mail by steamer, indicate the progress of the place. Good schools are already established, two sawmills are in process of construction, and several blocks of stores are occupied and doing a good trade,

Kalama supplying a considerable mining region. The town lies a few miles north of latitude 46° and in longitude 123° W. from Greenwich.

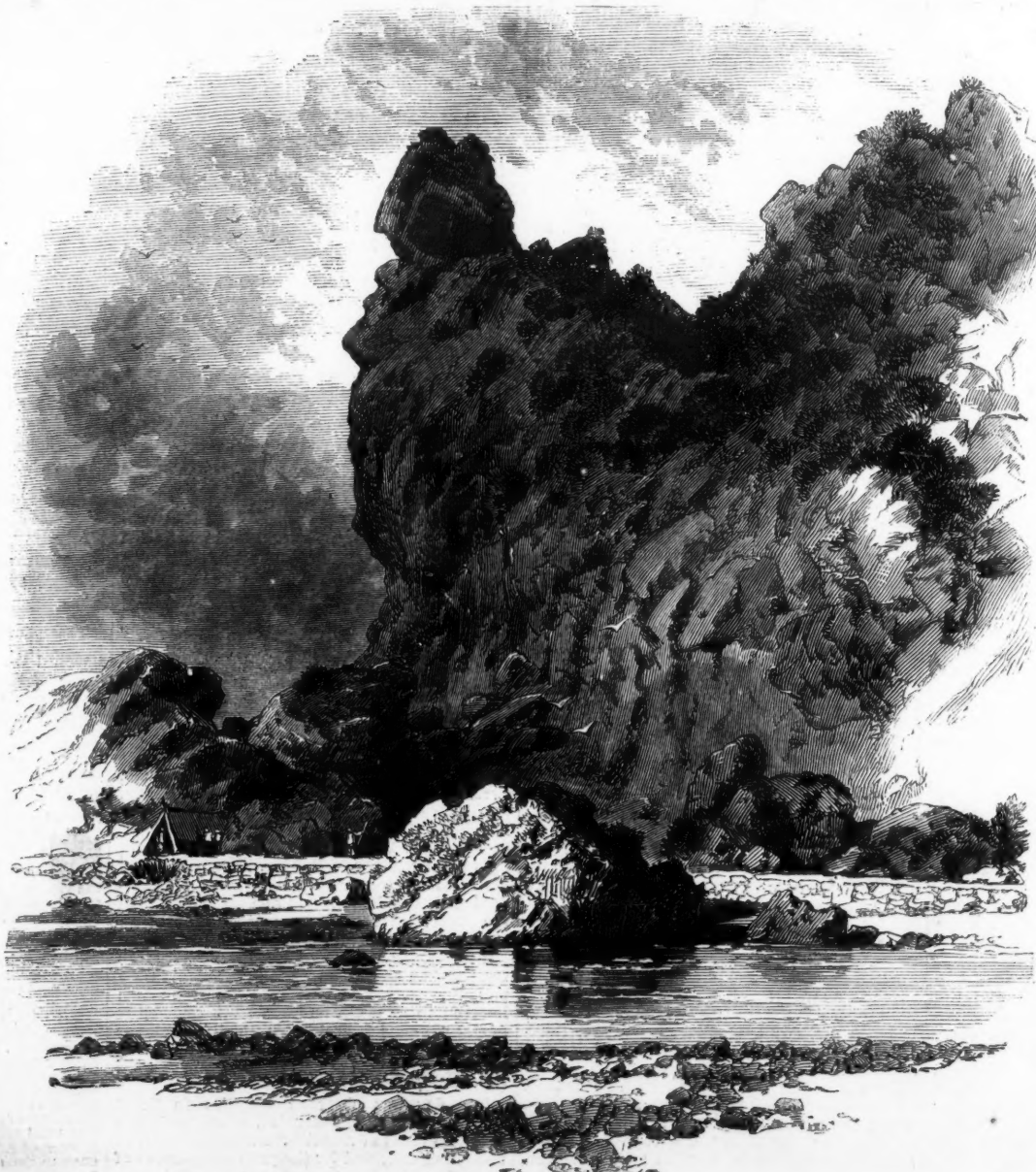
The swift advance of the Northern Pacific is being described at the present time by literary experts, such as Bayard Taylor, whose letters from the excursion party now investigating the track enliven the New York daily press. This circumstance, bringing the affairs of the road before the popular mind, excites a peculiar interest in the scenery of the road, and sends the reader to the weekly press, where we are able to gratify him with pictures, more expressive than the best work of the penman, of the localities alluded to.

THE COLLIERY DISASTER.

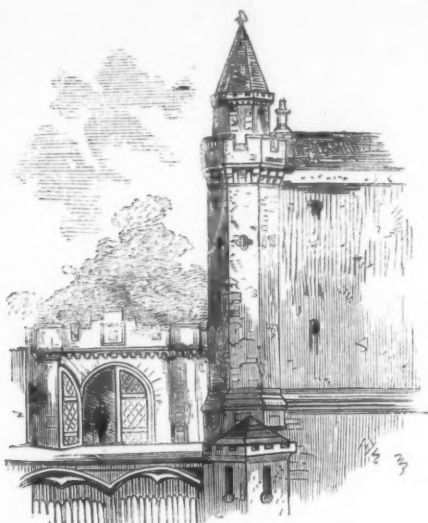
It is difficult to keep up, by pen or pencil, with the succession of sickening accidents in the Pennsylvania coal regions. On the morning of August 14th, at about eleven o'clock, the melancholy intelligence was heralded throughout the Pittston valley that an accident involving the lives of nearly twenty men and boys had occurred at the Eagle shaft, operated by Alva Tompkins. The theory advanced for the explosion is that there probably occurred a fall of rock in some old heading where gas had accumulated, and driving it out into the gangways where the miners were at work, it became ignited at the lamps in their hats, resulting in the terrible calamity.

Henry Harris, fire boss, who was engaged in the shaft, testifies that his first knowledge of the catastrophe was the tremendous rush of the whole volume of air in the tunnel to the foot of the shaft, where he and Tucker, a “footman,” were, knocking them down and about, and so strong was the current, that it blew his hat quite up the shaft to the top.

The accumulation of foul air made the work of removing the bodies difficult and even perilous. To fill the vacuum created by the explosion, the gas and choke-damp were rapidly accumulating, and every moment of delay increased the difficulty of reaching the men. After opening more than one gangway, a current was at last established which cleaned the shafts. By two o'clock the air was com-



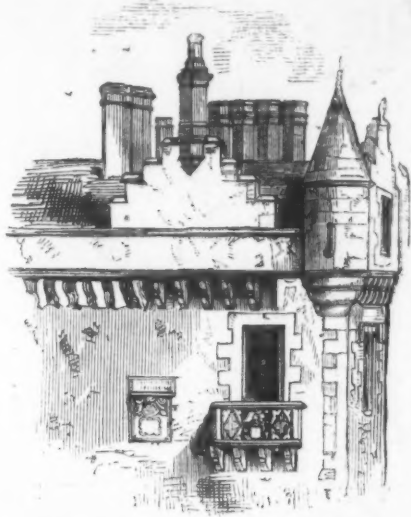
FORMOSA ISLAND.—TAI-PUNG-LUNG, OR APE'S HILL, A CURIOUS ROCK AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PORT OF TA-KOW, IN THE SOUTHWESTERN PART OF THE ISLAND.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



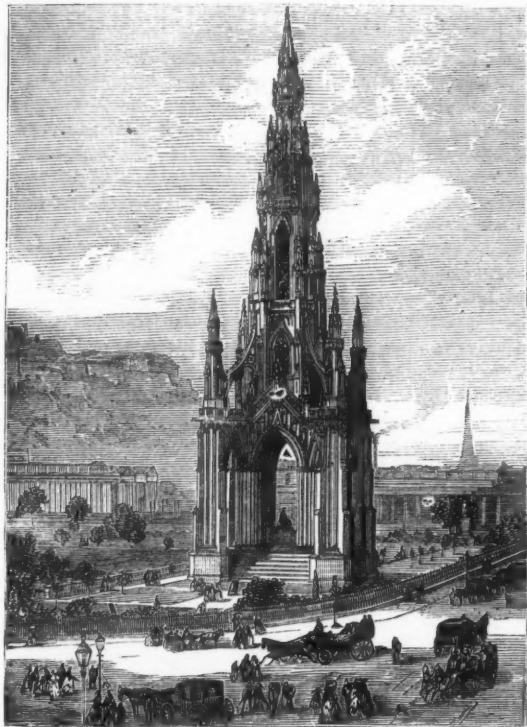
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ABBOTSFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.



SCOTT'S TOWN HOUSE, IN CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH.



THE LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD.



ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

paratively pure, and the exploration party set out upon their hazardous undertaking of finding their lost brothers. By a circuitous route they succeeded in getting behind the two falls of coal, and in this place and vicinity the remaining men were found. Seventeen bodies, unburned but evidently suffocated, were recovered. They were all taken to their respective homes, and next day placed in coffins for the burial, which took place with imposing solemnity on the 16th. Fifteen of the victims were Protestant Welshmen. The scene represented by us is the harrowing one when the dead bodies were drawn up and recognized by their wretched wives and families; it was sketched by Mr. Keetels, our artist, who was on the spot immediately after the explosion. The Coroner's Jury, on August 18th, rendered a verdict exonerating the Inspector, inculpating the owner of the mine, and deciding that the deaths resulted "from the effects of carbonic acid gas, produced by an explosion of carburetted hydrogen, or fire-damp, accumulated over the old fall, being forced by a fall of roof on the lights of the boys and men in the main gangway."

THE "WESTFIELD" BOILER INVESTIGATION.

THREE more "victims"—in their own opinion doubtless more unhappy than the hundred poor creatures who, after life's fitful fever, sleep well in the graves dug for them by the Westfield explosion—are represented in our engraving. Coroner Keenan's inquest terminated last Thursday, and shortly after the Coroner, acting on the advice of District Attorney Garvin, committed Jacob Vanderbilt, William Braisted, and Henry Robinson, the colored engineer of the Westfield, to the Tombs. An artist from this establishment, Mr. J. E. Taylor, by the agency of the Coroner, obtained an entry within its gloomy precincts, and an interview with Mr. Vanderbilt, the President of the Staten Island Ferry Company. Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Braisted and the engineer had all been placed in the same cell in what is known as the new prison—a wing which has been added to the interior of the City Prison, and which is much more retired than any other part of the building. The location of the cell effectually shut out from Mr. Vanderbilt's view the revolting sights and sounds which almost momentarily are to be heard in connection with the dragging in of drunken and blasphemous wretches, male and female, to the prison-yard. The cell, in which Vanderbilt, Braisted and the engineer were confined, is up-stairs, and in a building never used for the reception of notorious criminals. But even there, both Mr. Vanderbilt and his companions looked extremely unhappy and crestfallen.

Mr. Vanderbilt was alternating between a standing posture and an uneasy perch upon a high stool. He looked pale and considerably agitated. The weather was warm, and he was in his shirt-sleeves. On the pallet sat Henry Robinson, the colored engineer, also very sorrowful looking, and apparently hardly able to realize the fact that he and the veritable brother of the great Railroad King were occupying, on a footing of genuine, if forced, equality, the same apartment.

The popular democratic sentiment of New York was infinitely gratified at the incarceration of a magnate like Mr. Vanderbilt, and a vast crowd surrounded the Tombs; but it was balked in the hope that he would be obliged to spend an August night "in prison cell forlorn," in the company of one of his own negro engineers. After a short detention, an official entered with the information that the writs of *habeas corpus* obtained by Mr. Brown had arrived, and that the prisoners were to be taken at once before Judge Sutherland. Their faces brightened up immediately, and became still brighter when they issued from the gloomy prison into the street on their way to the court. Bail was accepted for Vanderbilt to the amount of \$20,000, and \$10,000 each for the other two men.

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VOLTAIRE, having paid some high compliments to the celebrated Haller, was told that Haller was not in the habit of speaking so favorably of him. "Ah," said Voltaire, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

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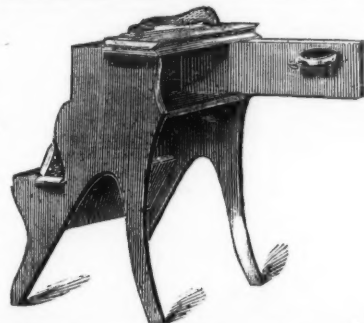
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The Festival will be opened on Monday, October 2d, 1871, at 10 A.M., at the celebrated Fashion Course, in West Flushing, L. I., and will continue (Sundays excepted) for two weeks. About September 1st, a complete programme, with order of exercises and appointments for each day, will be advertised and distributed in circulars. For the present the management can only announce the following general outlines:

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For the Championship of America, and premiums ranging from \$500 to \$100—distance, 150 yards. All the BEST SHOTS in military organizations particularly invited. Let each company be represented. Entrance fee and season ticket, \$10. Contestants to fire in the order that the tickets were bought, each being numbered.

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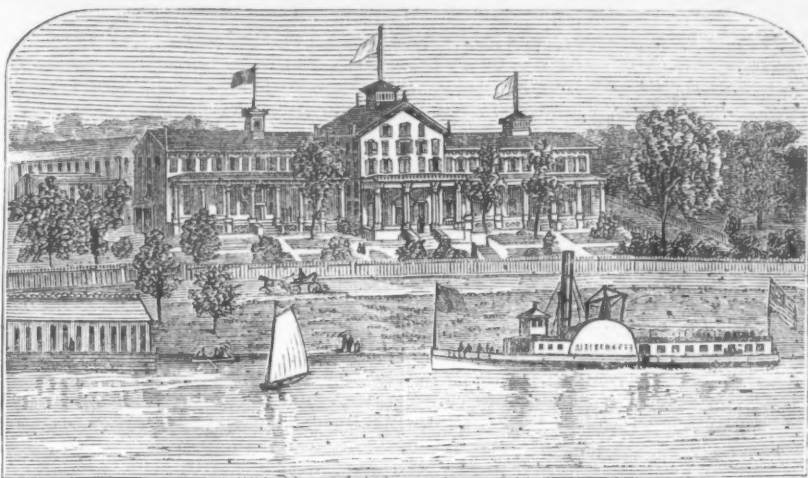
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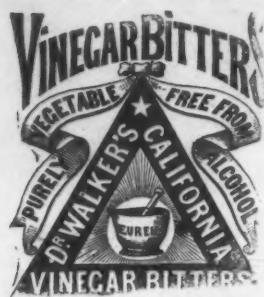
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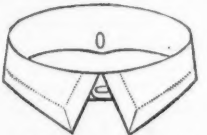
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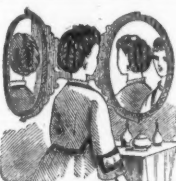
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